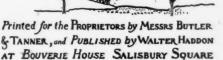


A Humorous & Artistic Periodical. Published on the 15" of each MONTH.

### MAY - OCTOBER

Edited by L RAVEN HILL & ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

Jondon 1893.



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## BUTTERFLY

A Humorous and Artistic Monthly.

Edited by
L. RAVEN-HILL and
ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

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THE ROW

BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN



APOLOGY

THERE is an unwritten but inevasible law that any person or persons having the temerity to introduce a new periodical to a forbearing public shall take the first opportunity of explaining the motives that prompted him or them to commit so

grave an indiscretion. We, the present delinquents, however, can only express our sincere regret that there is absolutely no excuse for the step we have taken. We are not consumed with a secret yearning to shake the foundations of Literature and Art, nor need it be apprehended that we contemplate any steps that will tend to jeopardize the peace of Europe. Also—and it is best to out with the bitter truth at once and have done with it—we have no Mission.

We do not anticipate revolutionizing the magazine market of the country with this our first offence, nor do we harbour the sinister expectation of seeing all other periodicals swept into chaos and the Bankruptcy Court in consequence of our appearance. The facts are these. We have received information from a trustworthy source, which information we have confirmed by diligent personal inquiry made on the spot, to the effect that the world is a very large place. And accordingly it seems to us not unreasonable to believe that it will be possible for us to take the floor and spread ourselves genially around without crowding anybody else uncomfortably near the edge.

We propose to devote several pages of each monthly number to pictures of a really superior class. These will be carefully done by some friends of ours who have learned drawing at school, and who have since devoted quite a lot of spare time to making sketches on odd pieces of paper and cardboard in order to acquire the pleasing facility in the use of the pencil which they now enjoy. Then there will be some reading matter

bound up with each number. Magazine readers usually consider this an indispensable feature. In this respect the composition and grammar employed will frequently be found to be agreeably accurate; and we have resolutely determined to avoid mistakes in spelling as far as possible. A lofty resolve of this kind is its own recommendation.

Finally, it will be observed that we are not seeking to impress the reader at every line with the generous amount of superficial area supplied for the money, neither shall we in respect of the number of our pages eternally protest that quantity is our leading feature; because, to be quite candid, we are not selling our magazine by the lb. Further, we regret that we do not see our way to presenting a grand piano with every number; and in the remotely possible contingency of a reader being found at Bow Street with a copy of the magazine on his person, we cannot admit that the fact imposes any obligation upon us to go and bail him out. Of late years there has sprung up a demand for light literature in an artistic setting, and it is in the conscientious endeavour to help to supply this demand that we have taken off our coats and settled down to business.

LONDON, May, 1893.

The Ballade of Sallie.



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But I The O, SALLIE MACFEE was the Belle of the town, And John was the handsome young feller What started to woo when the leaves they was brown, And the fruits of the Autumn was meller.

Now Sal she were bootiful, Sal she were fair—
I may say a reguler stunner;
And John he went forth for his love to declare:
He went and he wooed, and he wunner!

But Cupid is always a-takin' delight
In human expectancy mockin';
There come on the scen'ry an ole barrownite,
What kep' all his Chips in a stockin'.

And Sal she gets up with a nonchalong air, And slopes with the wealthy ole codger; Not leavin' so much as a lock of her hair— And Johnnie he went for a Soger!

#### THOSE SEVEN AGES

At first the Junior Behind the counter of a draper's shop; And then the Amateur who gets a part And brags about it till despairing friends Admit his genius for the sake of peace. And then he gets engaged as Super where He's in a Mob to cheer the gentleman Who plays the leading part. And then he turns Towards the Provinces, and first becomes The gore-stained Villain in a Melodrame. And reads a Notice in the local Press That his "rendition" was "reshairshay"—not To say "distangay," as it were. And then He can't help owning that he's simply Great; He starts for London with his Second Wife, And gets the Evening Papers to announce That he has come. Then he's the public's pet. He plays a part at £50 a week-And all the honours Wit and Virtue win, And all the laurels Learning ever gets Are nought beside the Fame that comes to him! Last scene of all—Death rings the curtain down . . . And then the British Public, good old sort! Is earnestly requested to subscribe The merest trifle-just a pound or two-To keep his Widow and his Orphans from The Parish.



THE AD(D)-AGE



THE RAMP-AGE



THE ST-AGE





THE PRES(S)-AGE



THE COIN-AGE



THE ORPHAN-AGE



ARNS FROM AN IRONCLAD.
NO. I. THE JONKA.

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"To take a cup of tea at 9 p.m." So ran the invitation which arrived on board our ship one forenoon from the Russian ironclad *Dimtrii Donskoi*, lying not far from us in the same harbour. She was leaving on the following day, and accord-

ingly we had to hurry up and form a representative party. We had "dined" them the night before, and hardly thought they would have time to return the compliment. A service dinner with a foreign power is not a simple affair by any means. It frequently entails a weird time of recovery the next day, especially after toasting two crowned heads, two navies, two ships, and two—everything.

We started at 8.45 p.m., and were received at the gangway of the Russian ship with a hearty welcome. Down in the well-furnished ward-room we found a long table, decorated with a profusion of flowers; while two rows of glass mugs stood plainly on the white cloth, with lemons cut in slices here and there, and plates of cakes and sweet-meats in all varieties.

We enjoyed a cheerful prospect as each glass mug was filled with tea. There was something peaceful and soothing in the mere look of the light brown liquid, which we drank without milk, flavouring it with lemon and sugar. With a Russian on each hand we soon fell into brisk conversation, and talked away for all we were worth in French, slowly-articulated English, and dilapidated German, the last being the speciality of only one of our number. He, however, talked enough for six.

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One of our men, with Russian experiences of former days, sipped his tea and chuckled. He said, "We shall soon be able to dispose of this; they'll only expect us to smoke a cigarette after the tea, and perhaps join in a song or two, and then the show will be over!"

That man was not a success as a prophet. Not by a long way. Two minutes after he had spoken, the mess waiters swept the glass mugs up from the table, and quickly replaced them with tall narrow glasses containing a straw-coloured liquid in which a continuously ascending stream of bright bubbles rose and burst on the surface. Then our prophet looked like the wail of despair mutely personified, till he lifted his chest and sighed like an autumn wind in a deserted ruin. Up rose the senior Russian officer present, and down went the liquid to the health of Her Most Gracious Majesty. the Czar of all the Russias had his health encouraged in the same hearty manner, and the evening was fairly started. The English and Russian navies were duly toasted, our and their ships present in the harbour being specially named as types of all that was smart and sound upon the rolling deep. The formal toasts having been dealt with, the rigid line at each side of the table became broken. Groups formed about the room, while the variety of mixed Russian-English and English-French-not forgetting the fragment of Germanwas beautiful to hear. The Russians are able to beat us at French, and perhaps at several other languages, but we can at least console ourselves with the reflection that we speak better English than they do.

All at once a big, bearded Russian of some six feet two inches jumped up from beside me, and striking a theatrical attitude, vociferated some strange words which ended in all the others rising and shouting together, "Jonka! Jonka

1

"What is 'Jonka'?" I asked the man who had first spoken.

"Ah!" he replied, "a Jonka, it is good. You know not Jonka? You shall see. I will make it. WE will make it!! It is to drink. Most good for the digestion! Allons, messieurs, sit round!"

Accordingly we ranged ourselves round a small table at the after end of the ward-room. A waiter then brought in a bright copper vessel of bowl shape, and stood it on a tripod on the table. A silver gridiron was laid across its mouth, and, on the gridiron, the top of a sugarloaf about ten inches high. Around the bowl were set bottles containing cognac and various other wines and spirits, the names of which I fail to remember, they having been christened in Russia.

Two bottles of wine—each different—were opened, and their contents poured over the sugarcone. A bottle of cognac followed, and then the electric lamps were put out, and a match applied to the sugar-cone. It lit up with a pale blue flame, which spluttered furiously as the burning sugar melted and dropped in little balls of fire to the bowl below. Armed with a huge silver ladle, with which he stirred the contents of the bowl, the big Russian towered above us, illuminated fantastically by the flames that leapt up from the anointed cone. As more cognac was poured on, the surface of the liquid beneath shot into a lurid flame, while at the same moment the Russians broke out into a ringing chorus. By the time the last of the many in-

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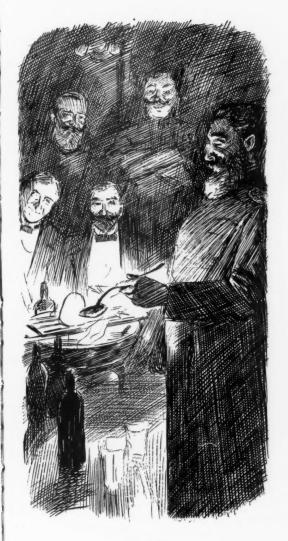
gredients had been poured into the bowl, the sugarcone had melted and disappeared, and the gridiron
was then removed. Five quart bottles of champagne were next handed round, some to us, some to
the Russians. The Mephistophelian wielder of the
big ladle gave a signal, and amid wild shouts from
all present, the corks popped like a salute of guns,
and the wine was dashed into the still flaming
bowl. Out went the fire, and during a moment of
darkness the mixture was stirred once more to the
accompaniment of another tuneful chorus which
ended in a deafening hurrah! The electric light
was switched on again, and we all stood round,
blinking at that copper bowl. The "Jonka" was
made.

The contents of the bowl were then turned into a white porcelain vessel, and the "Jonka," which was of a deep magenta hue, was served in small glass tumblers.

We found it excellent, though perhaps a trifle sweet to our British taste. By the second glass we got to like it better, and at the third we thought it no end of a good drink—not nearly so strong as might be imagined, for a great deal of the spirit had been burnt away.

Melon, cut into thin slices and powdered with pepper, was then handed round. This we were recommended to take as it brought out the taste of the Jonka, and, most important of all, prevented any "heady" effect.

We were then called upon for a sailor's hornpipe. Strange to say, none of us knew it, though it would never have done to have said sp. We



THE JONKA

therefore did our best with a dance which hath no name that I wot of. It was a mad mixture of a set of quadrilles, an Irish jig, and a Highland fling, which merged finally into a Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay kicking match. It was hailed with vociferous applause; and while we mopped our perspiring brows, the Russians with a delicate courtesy tried to imitate our effort, being most vigorous in giving the "Houp!" of the Highland fling. Then they rushed for our senior man, lifted him up bodily, and amid three ringing cheers carried him round the mess room. Finally they had "Vodka" brought in, with more sliced melon and pepper. The friendly way of drinking Vodka was a revelation, especially when you had to do it with two or three Russians in turn, and no excuses tolerated. Two men stand with arms linked shoulder to shoulder, their faces looking in opposite directions, and filled liquor glasses in hand. An umpire stands by and counts,-

' Un—deux—trois!"

At "trois" you empty your glass and set it down on the table. The first man to put his glass down empty wins.

I lost many times.

One more cigarette followed, and we prepared to depart. Then, like good fellows, they broke out lustily into "God save the Queen!" opening their shoulders to it with a will; and the good old song floated out through the open ports, across the still waters of the grand harbour of Malta, till it echoed and re-echoed amid the high stone walls



of Valetta and Saint Angelo. A vigorous handshaking took place, with hearty wishes for our next merry meeting; and while this ceremony was going on, the Russians laughingly decorated each of us with a wealth of flowers. Flowers in every available button-hole; flowers in our epaulettestraps; flowers in the opening of our waistcoats; and to complete the adornment a huge bouquet in each hand. Then, like six Jacks-in-the-Green, we got into our own boat and pulled back to our own ship.

And, as Mr. Pepys remarks, "so to bed!"

YVAN LAYOR.



"Lor! 'Arry, if I 'ad a fringe like yourn!"



THE GALLERY



THE LOST DOG





"Mamma! what's the man beating the lady for?"
"He isn't beating the lady, dear."
"What's she screaming for, then?"



"Mamma! he's forgotten to paint the girl's clothes, hasn't he?"
"Just like these artists, my dear—so careless, you know!"



BY L. GODFREY-TURNER

I AM dreaming I stood,
That I pensively stood
All alone
By the side of a tomb,
Which that lodging of gloom
Was my own.
And the neighbours they came,
And they called me by name
(Jimmy Brown).

As t

Wh

They were cheerless and tall, They were ghoul-like and tall, And they sighed as they all Pointed down—

As they solemnly motioned me down;
As they sank in a sorrowful row on their knees,
With the forefinger sloping at sixty degrees—
At an angle of sixty degrees,
If you please!

But I stir not an inch,
Not an eighth of an inch
On my way.
And I look with contempt
On the grave (that I dreamt),
And I say:—
"If you think I'm afraid,
My good friends, to be laid
In that hole,
You mistake me. I'm not—
I declare I am not,
On my soul!

Yes, I swear, on my runaway soul,
I am not at all frightened to live in that room:
What I fear is the monument over the tomb!
Hence my face's expression of gloom!

Not the tomb
Do I fear all the while,
But that hideous pile
On the top!
On the rest I can smile,

On the top
Is too frightful for words,
With its sad-looking birds—
Such unnatural birds!—
On the top:

Which I'm sure, if they lived, couldn't hop—Couldn't flutter or twitter or hop;
Which I'm sure, if they ventured to fly,
Would soon fall to the ground from the sky
With a flop!

"And the base of it, too—
Kindly look at it, do,
With its chains,
And the stone that turns brown
From the rust that drips down
When it rains;
From the carroty rust
Dripping down, as it must,
When it rains—
From the rust streaking down
In a carroty brown
When it rains!

"With regard to my bust,
There is nothing, I trust,
In my face
To have guided the touch
Of its sculptor to such
A disgrace!

Why Shoul

I

Shoul cha Did you ever see such a disgrace?

I was never, so far as my memory serves,

In possession of one of those wonderful curves

Of the lip. And you answer, 'It serves!'

Oh! my nerves!

"But what worry me most (And will worry my ghost) Are the chains That are festooned around (From some posts in the ground) My remains. What on earth have I done That my tomb should be one Of this kind? What elsewhere could I do That would justify you, In your mind, To commit me to rest With this thing on my chest? Tell me, come! Ah! no wonder you stare With that stupefied air, And are dumb! Why a thing so ungainly in all it contains

Should be guarded by garlands of galvanized chains—
Should be jealously guarded by cumbersome

chains—
No mourner among you explains!

My remains
Are determined to stay
Where they are, till you say
You will take
All that rubbish away,
All that nonsense away,
And will make

Me a nice little bed, with a stone at my head And a daisy and buttercup blanket instead Of this awful design on my chest!"



And they made such a bed
And I did as I said
I would do;
To my lodging of gloom—
To a natural tomb—
I withdrew.
For I knew

That

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That in just such a tomb I could peacefully rest, For no creature with sense can deny that it's best

For the sleeper to sleep With no hideous heap

On his chest—

With no hideous heap

Of a stone that is cheap

On his breast!

Of a stone that is cheap,

And a chain that is cheaper,

All arranged in a heap
On the chest of the sleeper,

Who is said

On the stone At his head

> To have gone To his rest!





BANK HOLIDAY

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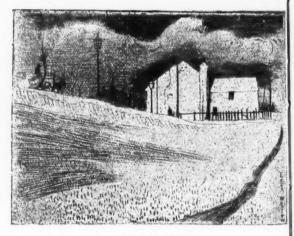
Unsympathetic small boy (to Brown and Jones, who are have, the usual argument with the hired pony): "Shall I carry it is you, guv'nor?"



ALTHOUGH Brighton is so far away from London—fifty miles—its inhabitants are a comparatively civilized race of people. I have often walked through the streets without having once been assaulted; and I have seen delicate, fragile ladies strolling along the parade as fearlessly as they would stroll in Bond Street at mid-day. The people of Brighton speak, for the most part, the same language as we do. The exceptions to the rule are some of the sturdy, weather-beaten boatmen who, in moments of sudden excitement, are occasionally apt to drift into language which—

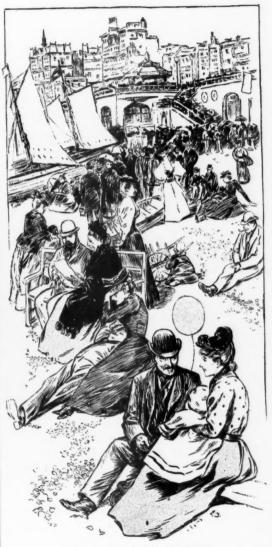
well, we needn't bother about the boatmen, need we?

Brighton is one of those peculiar localities that end off abruptly. In London there are no aggressively prominent landmarks to remind you all at once that you're getting near the edge; but you can hardly fail to notice when you have reached the end of Brighton, because the next place southwards is very wet and offers a poor sort of encouragement to pedestrians.



NEW SHOREHAM

One of the chief places of interest in Brighton is the Aquarium; and one of the first things you



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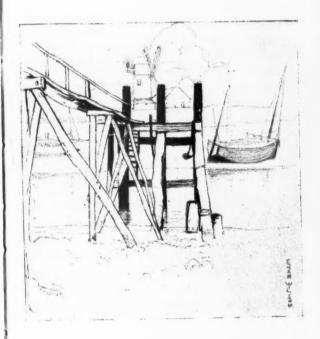
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BANK HOLIDAY AT BRIGHTON
BY OSCAR BCKHARDT

will learn from the average guide-book is that the Aguarium is 715 ft. long and 100 ft. wide. ticularly want to call attention to these figures, because I feel sure that if there is one thing more than another that the ordinary pleasure-seeker yearns to know, it is the precise dimensions of his place of amusement. You don't feel you can settle down to anything like real fun till you've learned how many square feet of floor you've got to crowd your amusement into. It would make me perfectly miserable if I had gone to the Aquarium cherishing the delusion that it was 716 ft. long, and had afterwards learned that it wasn't an inch over 715 ft. I consider it is very nice and thoughtful of the guide-book people to put the public at once in possession of this absolutely indispensable information.

An agreeable form of taking the air at Brighton is to hire a fly. You hire it by the hour; and then nothing will strike you so forcibly as the hopeless inability of the average flyman to compute the number of minutes that go to make an hour by the clock. After you have settled the question of that odd sixpence, you step into the fly and drive off; and just as you are trying to figure up whether you've been out fifteen minutes or twenty-five, the driver stops short, and reminds you that there are only five minutes more to complete the hour. Ignorance of this kind in a healthy human being is very sad. But the drive is thoroughly enjoyable while it lasts. It is so nice to rattle down the King's Road and watch the other people



AT SOUTHWICK

From an etching by Edgas Wilson

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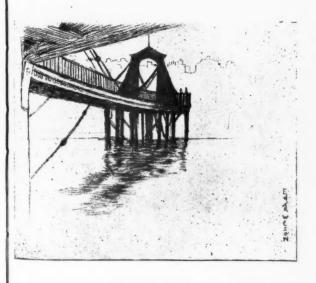
drearily crawling up and down in the broiling sun. You lean back listlessly, and nod patronisingly to your acquaintances, firmly convinced that you are impressing them with the belief that you are merely driving out in your own carriage. It's all right till you stop to speak to an old friend on foot, who, after a cordial greeting, considerately observes: "Well, I mustn't keep you, or you won't have anything of a ride for your hour, will you?"

As you walk along the promenade there is usually plenty to see. You have only to lean over the parapet, at any point along the route, and you can hear sweet music discoursed, or you can see a conjuring-man produce live guinea-pigs from some one else's hat, just as your fancy inclines. And then, when either of the performers takes up his own hat and begins to writhe through the crowd towards you with a friendly smile, you can fix your gaze on the dim and distant horizon, and become absorbed in contemplating the illimitable vastness of nature.

If you go to Brighton for a real good time, it is quite expected that you will leave off your town prejudices for the nonce, and will join the crowd that goes for a sail in the "Skylark." It is usual to leave off a good many things at Brighton. You will notice this at the fashionable bathing hour. While you are waiting to take your place on board, Captain Collins will repeatedly assure you

that the passengers alighting have had "a jolly sail, a remarkably jolly sail"; and as you watch some of those jolly sailors crawling limply out of the boat, it makes you shudder to think what those people must look like when they are really, downright miserable!

ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.



THE CHAIN PIER

From an etching by Edgar Wilson



H

She greeted me with playfulness, Just as she'd greet all comers; I'm sure she could have seen no less Than fifty golden summers! Her locks were thin and faded, though
She never seemed to heed 'em;
But talked about "us girls, you know,"
With unaffected freedom.

She smiled at me with glances bold, Said—one thing and another; And p'r'aps forgot that she was old Enough to be my mother!

She had an aged, careworn face,
Engraved with wrinkles plenty—
And yet she skipped about the place
Just like a girl of twenty.

She gave a flourish to her skirts

That showed a bit of stocking,
And vowed the men were dreadful flirts—
So shameless and so shocking!

She pouted when I rose to go,
And said she hoped I wouldn't
Forget her altogether. No!
I'm positive I couldn't!

All kinds of flirts at times I've met Designing, heartless, shifty; But oh! I never can forget That flighty flirt of fifty!



FIRST TAILOR: "Perfect work of art, that coat, isn't it?" SECOND Do. (thoughtfully): "'Ips like a woman!"

HE:



HERR SONDERSHAUSEN: "The only thing us now happy to make, is that little Otto shpegtagles to desire should!"



THE LAW

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P.C. AI: "Do you require any assistance there?

# THE MAN WITH A LIMP PART I

THE REV. JOSEPH GIDDEN-LANCASTER.

It came to his ears as most things come that are never intended to be got about—by gossip—that he woman he loved, and whose heart he hoped to tin, had been heard to say at Lady Eventide's small and early" that she, Beryl Kingston, would ather remain single all her life than marry a dergyman. Her idea of a husband was one who would show his horse's heels to most of his competitors in the steeplechase, who betted a little—just a little,—and who could take her to the races a lot.

And for the first time in his life, the Rev. Joseph Gidden-Lancaster, senior curate at the parish church of Hurdlefield, and one of the best fellows living, wished to God he had never been bred for a clergyman.

"I did so like your sermon this morning, Mr. Lancaster. How awfully clever you are!"

The two were standing apart from the rest on the company who had come to a tennis party at Lady Kingston's; and when Beryl Kingston, a handsome girl handsomely dressed, expressed her liking for the morning's sermon, and paid a characteristic compliment to its preacher, Lancaster's face coloured a deep red, Lancaster's eyes—big blue eyes—looked busily at nothing on the lawn at his feet, and Lancaster's voice said, not quite firmly, "Thank you, Miss Kingston."

Then he asked her to come farther away from the others still, to walk with him to the end of the long path—he had something to say to her.

"Nothing about playing tennis on Sunday, I

hope?" she questioned laughingly.

"No," he answered, holding back the branches of a tree which crossed their way, and letting them go with rather a sudden flick when they had passed "No, not that. I preach from the pulpit, not—" He paused, and looked about him for a moment; then added, "Not from the summer-house."

"Are we going in there?" asked Beryl a little haughtily, at the same time supplying an affirmative answer to her own question by entering it and sitting down in one of the wicker chairs. Lancaster, with his arms folded, leant against the entrance to the summer-house, which was almost entirely roofed and walled with roses, and looked worshipfully upon the woman who—he knew not why, except that she was very beautiful—had made him love her beyond all else.

"So you think I'm clever, Miss Kingston?"

"I think I implied as much on the lawn just now."

"But would you not consider me a good deal cleverer if I could recite to you the list of pro-

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bable starters and jockeys for the Hurdlefield Plate?"

"What do you mean?"

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"I mean, Miss Kingston-Beryl," he said passionately,-" I mean that I love you, because you are beautiful, and that you despise me, because I'm not a cad, like Captain Harry Badminton!"

He would have said more, perhaps in excuse for his hasty words, but Beryl rose and walked away, saying angrily that this was the last time he had spoken to her.

A few months after that there was a new senior em curate at the Hurdlefield parish church, for a curate who spent most of his time in the hunting field left a lot to be desired, especially in the places where he should have been instead.

"You've heard of Flashlegs, Beryl, the mare that won the Rotton Stakes last week? who do you think was up in the saddle? You'll never guess?"

Captain Badminton was looking over the local paper as he spoke, and Beryl was pouring out the breakfast coffee.

"I'll give it up, then," she said.

"Why, that parson Johnnie who used to be here, and who suddenly gave up the steeple for the steeplechase. Lancaster-you know."

Beryl did know.

"A letter for you, mum."

It was a letter from her old home, enclosing another addressed to her there, and in her maiden name, by Joseph Gidden-Lancaster. There were tears in her eyes as she read it; there was a sobbing face in two white hands when she had come to its end.

He begged her to forgive the hasty words he spoke to her in the summer-house six months ago. But it was all for love of her. He was greatly to blame, he knew, for loving, worshipping a woman he could never have made happy while he was a curate. But he was getting on now; he had bought racehorses, and had already been successful with two, as she probably knew. He loved the sport she liked; adored all that reminded him of the words she had spoken at Lady Eventide's, adored them because he hoped-how he hoped !- they might one day win for him the great love he longed for; the love for which he had changed his life; the love for which, were his own put to the test, and by her, he would willingly change that life for death. He implored her to write and tell him he might come and see her; he loved her so-he loved her so!

The letter he received in reply bore the signature, Beryl Badminton.

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" HOPPY JOE."

It is a Thursday sale at Tattersall's, and a number of gentlemen with big bumpy heads and little curly legs are winking guineas at the auctioneer, who is calling them out in their latest total, and asking for more. Here and there are men in white jackets, some engaged in hissing the steel plates and buckles of harness as they polish them; some running wildly about with the horses catalogued for sale, and stepping a good deal higher than the animals themselves, by way, no doubt, of setting a good example among the articles to be disposed of; and others, with nothing to do at all but to look on at the sale, look out for a job, and to look in for a drink occasionally at the public-house outside.

It is in the bottle and jug department of this place that a dispute has arisen among a party of men, all of whom carry short ash sticks, and none of whom wear collars, as to whose turn it is to 'mind' the horse and trap of the next arrival, and

lead or ride his purchase (if the next arrival should make one) to the railway station or the mews.

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"Let 'Oppy Joe 'ave the job," pleads a burly, beery gentleman, with a cross eye but a kind face. "'E's not 'ad one all day, an' maybe 'e won't 'ave one if 'e don't 'ave the next, for it's parss three a-ready."

"Hoppy Joe" was the lame man asleep in the corner.

"'Ere, 'Oppy! Wake up!" cried the goodnatured friend, smacking that pitiable object on the shoulder, and giving him his hat, which had fallen on the floor at his feet. "Wake up, old man. There's a job for yer. Let 'im 'ave it," he says, turning to the group of men at the bar. "'E wants it more nor you and me does—look at 'im."

They looked at him, and they saw what they had been in the habit of seeing and drinking with for the last twenty years—a lame drunkard in rags, whom they all knew as "'Oppy Joe." They looked—and the job was as good as "'Oppy Joe's."

"Come on, 'Oppy. 'Ere's a gent wants you to ride 'is bargain to King's Cross. 'E's driving on afore in the phaeton, along wiv 'is missis, and you're to foller,—understand?"

The poor wretch looked gratefully into his friend's face, and nodded. "Thank you, Jim," he said; "we'll go halves when I get back. You'll be here?"

"Yus, I'll be 'ere; but I don't want no 'alf, nor yet no quarter neither. I've had a good day, thank'ee, 'Oppy, and I fancy you can do wi' all

you gets from the gent. 'E ain't the proper age for chucking 'is brass about, 'e looks too old. Nothink like a stoney young markiss when you wants to retire for a week, eh, 'Oppy?" And by this time the man with a squint had helped the man with a limp on to the back of the big carriage horse which stood, in blinkers and "blankets," ready to be ridden away.

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Another moment, and the pair-horse phaeton and its occupants—a good-looking old gentleman of about sixty-five, his wife, a handsome, stylish woman considerably his junior, and their man behind—were rattling on their way, followed by Hoppy Joe on the new horse.

They have been going some distance, when Hoppy sees the phaeton jerk forward, and the people in the street stop and look after it. The horses have bolted.

Almost as soon as he recognises what has happened, Hoppy Joe has the tall horse at a full gallop. Away he speeds after the runaway phaeton like a jockey after the winning-post. Yes, he is riding very like a jockey! "To look at 'im," says a sandwich man in the gutter, who perhaps knows as much about racing as most people, "you'd think 'e wus takin' a houtsider past the fav'rite!"

A strange and terrible scene is that witnessed at Piccadilly Circus. A rider in rags, with a pale and hungry face, and large blue eyes lit up with madness, turns his flying horse into two others which are running away with a phaeton, and is

dashed to the ground with a sickly thud, a sicklier sight than before!

"My God, Beryl!" said the old fellow, as he helped to turn the hideous thing over, "I'm afraid the poor chap is dead!"

From the bloody lips of a dying human ruin came a few words that a woman will hear for ever. They were—"Beryl! who speaks of Beryl? Let him who does tell her—I can ride now—so fast—so fast! But where is the post? Say, you grinning fools!—where is the post? This is all darkness—I have ridden too far! Take me back! Oh! God!—lead me back!"

They had him buried in the old churchyard of the Hurdlefield parish church; and the flowers one sees on his grave even now are not dead flowers, but fresh ones, gathered that very morning by the old couple in the big white house.

L. G.-T.



But when I grew to man's estate,
With life's hard storms to meet and weather,
I found, most wondrous to relate,
We both were twenty-five together.

She's only five-and-thirty now,
While I'm turned forty—friends remind me;
And that is just precisely how
I've come to leave that Girl behind me.

A. G.



AUNT: "Ah! my dear, I know what it is to be young."

NIECE: "What a memory you have got, Aunt!"



A LADY has been writing to the papers complaining that the young men don't go courting now-adays in their working clothes, but spend most of their earnings in the endeavour to make themselves irresistibly attractive before setting forth to woo. Well, the ladies have hitherto been entirely to blame for this, and we call their attention to the fact remorselessly. The modern girl of the middle class usually considers herself slighted if her beau doesn't dress several tiers above his social position, and apparently would much rather see him in a faultlessly shiny hat and patent leather boots, even if they have to do with a parlour chair or two less in the sweet by-and-by to make up for it. is refreshing to find one young lady, anyhow, taking the floor to try and talk down an absurd custom.

A modern maiden sat at home,
And wondered to herself
Why some young fellow didn't come
And take her "off the shelf."
And when there came a man who was
Resolved to learn his fate,
She wouldn't look at him—because
His necktie wasn't straight!

A learned professor has recently made the interesting statement that the pressure of the atmosphere on the average man is something like fifteen tons, yet it is not felt. Just so. On the other hand, the pressure of the average man's hat is often only a few ounces, yet that is frequently felt. Rum-tum, tiddy-um, tooral-lay!

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This is the bright and joyous season of the year, when early-rising propensities are most inclined to manifest themselves. In the bleak winter days there is no inducement to be up betimes, and no one feels the slightest twinge of conscience if he stops in bed for the extra five minutes that are necessary to enable him to miss the train to the city. But at the commencement of summer, when the morning opens bright and beautiful, most people feel tempted to get up early—even if it's only to turn the blinds in order to keep off the obtrusive sunlight that prevents the full enjoyment of the morning doze.

'Tis sweet, when summer days begin, To lie abed with half-closed eyes, And watch the sunlight streaming in To tell you that it's time to rise!

And oh, how sweet to tuck your head Once more beneath the counterpane, And curl up cosily in bed, And just drop off to sleep again!

An enterprising chemist informs us that the best way to get rid of rats and mice is not to poison them, but to make them tired of the premises, and offer them every inducement to leave. Kindly housekeepers who have hitherto been in the habit of supplying rats and mice with feather beds and chest protectors should make a note of this. Just cut off the late dinners and the usual appetising extras, and in a week the rodent will feel so hurt about it that he'll pack his things in disgust, and move into a more reliable neighbourhood. It's ever so much nicer than rubbing arsenic on the fireirons, or putting "Rough on Rats" into the cold rice pudding.

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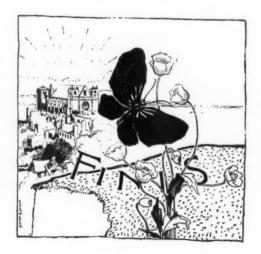
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We are always glad to give prominence to any really useful invention, and just now we have got particulars of a novelty which does us good when we think about it. A method has been discovered, we are gravely informed, by which the health-giving air of the seaside or the invigorating mountain breeze can be bottled up and let loose in the back parlour of a house in London in all its original

freshness and vigour. This will come as a distinct boon to holiday-makers whose means are limited. Instead of taking an expensive journey to the seaside, all we shall have to do will be to order a tin of Concentrated Essence of Hastings or Trouville, and take a dose before breakfast in the morning. We live in wonderful times, truly!

Hi, hi! walk up, it's just arrived in town,
The Patent Seaside Sunshine, full of power;
It's guaranteed to bring a healthy brown
Upon your cheeks in less than half an hour!
Try Brighton Breezes—just the thing for you—
Fresh-gathered every morning from the rocks,
Combined with Margate Freckles—try the two;
Of every chemist, eighteen-pence a box!



## BUTTERFLY A HUMOROUS AND ARTISTIC MONTHLY.

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Edited by L. RAVEN-HILL and ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

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See page 77.



## FIORENZO OF MAGGIOLO

N the sixteenth century the monastery of Maggiolo was one of the richest and most famous houses in all Italy. Its revenue was princely; its vintages were celebrated throughout Europe. It sheltered within its thick embattled walls more than a thousand white-robed brothers, whose common thought was the glorification of Our Blessed Lady.

northerly position was a full explanation of its defensive aspect; for since old time it had stood in strength and grandeur; indeed, its walls had more than once felt the shock of onset and ravin from northward. It had seen the defile of the Saracens, of whom legend preserved a lively

memory; for that was long ago, and time had well scattered the trail of their bleached bones from Asia to Spain.

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The fame of the monastery was easy to understand when one thought upon its wonderful origin and the cause of its continuance in so much peace and wealth.

Far back, beyond the memory of so much as one stone of the convent's walls, there had lived in Turin one old Simonello, a gold-worker much sought, and extremely rich. So amply did wealth increase, for he was a cunning smith, that for the endurance of his thoughts upon riches he grew to be a miser.

Old Simonello fell asleep one night while his thoughts were yet busy weaving the tracery of a new gold collar he was to make for a bride. While he slept he knew that he was in a certain place some way out of the city, where one walked beside him-a lady of gentle mien, but poor in her apparel. Simonello was more at a loss to think of what quality she might be, in that she spoke with the lips of great understanding, yet never once did the word "girdle" or "brooch" fall from them. After a time he drew her attention to the collar upon his breast, for in his dream he wore the ornament he was to make. Thereupon she fell to talking about jewels and treasure: with judgment, certainly, but in a way most strange for an Italian lady. Finally, as though about to depart, she said:

"Simonello, lay not up for yourself treasure upon earth . . ."

Simonello smiled, as though he would say:

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"That is a temptation to which a poor goldworker is little liable."

But with an expression between archness and solemnity, she repeated her words, and added:

"If you would find a real treasure, I could show you in this spot how to come by it."

Simonello expressed his willingness, and she told him:

"Deep in the ground below where my feet stand it lies hidden for you."

And with that she went away. But not before Simonello had placed his collar upon her shoulders.

Next morning, acting upon a suspicion already half formed in his mind, Simonello told his dream to a holy man with whom he had a slight acquaintance: when his suspicion was confirmed, and he knew that the companion of his dream had been a lady no less august than the Queen of Heaven herself. The priest and the gold-smith digged in the remembered spot; and without surprise, so great was their faith, they came at length upon a beautiful image, of such sort that custom would have bidden them, as pious men, to bury it again with more speed than they found it. Yet how could they do this in the light of their knowledge? Only ignorance

and wickedness would have admitted in the statue any resemblance to a heathen idol.



So, with what alacrity they judged necessary, they straightway veiled in her person any data which might afford opportunities to criticism, archæological or traditional, with what most sumptuous robes they could lay hands to in their emergency. Then an altar was set up, and a chapel to roof it, which indeed was little better at first than a booth, but sufficient, as time showed in the magnificent monastery of which it was the nucleus.

Right divine Our Lady seemed, and all a queen, smiling benign, with here and there a brooch, a ring, to enhance her beauty, as Simonello was able to find them in his chests. To the adoring eyes of the holy man and the gold-worker she seemed even more radiant than when the convent was at the summit of its splendour, when her wardrobe was the richest in Christendom, and her treasury costlier than all the East.

As is not to be wondered, the miracles Our Lady wrought for Simonello alone were many. Looking upon her at first, his eyes were opened to many things, so that he felt that before he had been as a man blind. Only one week of devotion to her service brought back to him years of youth he had thought long gone beyond return. And to whom but Our Lady was it due that his honour it was to become the saintly founder of the great Convent of Maggiolo?

Thus, towards the close of the sixteenth century, the real treasure promised by the vision to old Simonello so long ago was in fullest flower.

For his learning and piety, and for the greater honour of the holy house over which he ruled, the Prior of Maggiolo was called to Rome by the Holy Father to receive the biretta. Such bravery had never been seen as when the Prior's cavalcade trooped out through the gates of the convent. Both he and all his great retinue were mounted like knights; and, for they were simply apparelled, by the dignity and steadfastness of their bearing, they were a most noble company.

The Prior left, as Regent in his absence, a brother truly distinguished for great piety and wisdom of government, who held his temporary office in fitting meekness, looking forward only to the happy and honoured return of his chief.

All went well and as usual until about the time when the Cardinal Prior was looked for returning. Then it was that the Regent fell into a fever, and the cure of him lay upon a very young brother, named Fiorenzo, who was greatly skilled in maladies, and whose ardour in all that concerned the convent was not to be equalled. Not only at the offices, but all day long as he worked, tending the vines upon the slopes of Maggiolo, Fiorenzo thought always upon Our Mother of Mercy, and the sweet image of her which was the glory of the house. And when he had upon him the heavy charge of his superior's health, his thoughts were not less upon Our Lady, but rather more, for the succour of his patient. But for all, still as the Prior did not return, nor any of his company, the Regent grew more sick and weary, till on the eve of the Feast of the Assumption he passed away.

Though his grief was not light at this fatality, a deeper perplexity came to brother Fiorenzo. The Regent having died in his arms, he found himself, by facts and the accidental custody of all the keys of the convent, its director in the room of the dead brother.

His trouble was in this wise. It was customary on all feast days, as brother Fiorenzo knew, for the miraculous image of Our Lady to be decked out in special robes and jewels from her wardrobe and treasury. Had the Prior not been absent from the convent, the transformation necessary on this eve of the Assumption would have been conducted by him and his immediates. Now Fiorenzo could not decide whether Our Lady would be less pleased if her image were left as it stood for the great feast, or if he himself, with authority only tacit and inferred, undertook the duty he thought lay upon him. His ardent devotion to Our Lady and to her simulacrum at length persuaded Fiorenzo, and he determined, when all the convent was still in the night, that he would change the clothing and ornaments of the statue, and in the morning, offering no explanation, leave the other brothers to account as they might choose for its altered appearance.

So, an hour before the dawn, we see brother

Fiorenzo, pale with the responsibility of his pious deed, entering the church, half-smothered in the mass of silk and brocade he bore in his arms; and hanging over one arm a satchel containing all the wonder of girdles, collars, brooches, and rings he had selected to augment the pomp of the statue.

Quietly and reverently he approached Our Lady, and began his work. Standing upon a trestle, he took from her blessed head the crown it bore; then the rich veil, heavy with its fringe of gold, folded about the ring of straw, so that its edges fell upon her brow, and foiled her beautiful face. Removing the brooch which secured it—pearls set about a ruby squarewise, with alternate sapphires shaped and studded with points of gold like blackberries—and unclasping the outer girdle, her blue mantle, starred with gold upon the right shoulder, had only to be withdrawn from the constraint of her right hand, which supported its lower folds as though she lived.

Then he removed the nine rings she wore upon either hand, and drew off her gloves. Fiorenzo paused and looked upon Our Lady. She seemed so slight and strange to him, that calling in aid his natural lack of superstition, he said: It is only a statue.

Next he slipped the under-girdle and unfastened her gold collar, the ancient collar made by the Founder, which was never laid aside. He unlaced the sleeves upon her arms, and laid them down; he took out the five or six brooches which held it together at the opening, and the crimson velvet gown, stiff with seed pearls sewn upon it in a design representing pine-cones and blackberries, rustled heavily from her shoulders. When he had removed this, he looked at the statue again, and made the following reflection: It is not sacrilege, but a proof of pious zeal, that I should boldly perform the difficult task to which Our Lady has herself called me.

After this Fiorenzo kept his eyes from his work, and acted as in a frenzy, for he grew more and more conscious of a warm exhalation from the cold stone limbs of Our Lady. Yet, fevered as he was, he had no choice but to continue. The greater blessing when his work was done.

But as, with trembling hands, he tried to adjust the satin shoes to her feet, his arm coming in contact with the statue, he was certain that it touched yielding flesh, and to his imagination, grown half wild, it seemed that fingers not rigid touched his head. Not to look upon the image was no longer possible; for the dawn, creeping into the church, caused its dumb contours to cry aloud. Then the statue was radiant and quivering, beautiful beyond thought or desire. It filled the church until the lifeless walls and stock pillars melted around the

queen, the goddess, the woman, and the whole world was filled with the wonder of her awful aspect.

So that brother Fiorenzo knew no longer what he did; and, blinded and stunned, rushed from the church like a man possessed.

When the eastward windows of the Church of Maggiolo threw their glory upon pillar and floor, the Cardinal Prior, at length come again, entered the church in the splendour of his scarlet, to the deep chant of a thousand monks. And there where the statue of Our Lady had stood, beside great heaps of robes and scattered and trampled jewels, lay a shattered idol upon the marble flags.

None ever saw brother Fiorenzo from that day. The proud convent itself was gradually deserted, and slowly dissolved from the face of the earth. At this day only degenerate vines languish above its forgotten foundations.

JOHN GRAY.





"Thash ri', old chappie; thash ri'! Hit him again! Hit him again! Thish ish the finest fight I——" (realises situation and walks off hurriedly).



"THE SPORT OF KINGS"
BY OSCAR ECKHARDT



GILDED YOUTH (rusticating): "Aw! d'you get your milk out of a beastly cow?"



## No. 1. CHURCH BELLS

BY L. GODFREY-TURNER



What !--ten to eleven?

By Jove, so it must be: there a
the church bell!

I thought you were going to call me seven—

You did?— and I answered y
Oh, very well.

Yes, please: I would like my hot we made hotter.

What's that? — there's a lady be waiting since nine?

Oh, yes: I remember. Completely got her—

The drive before church if i weather was fine!

By all that's unlucky, the west is fine!

Church bells. Why on earth do they ring them, I wonder?
Church bells. They are very ridiculous things.
They talk of the Salvation Army! By thunder,
No more let them curse the disturbance that brings!
It's not that I'm fond of its shouting and drumming,
But this I allow it—it changes its spot;
Its noise has the sense to keep going and coming
And moving about, while the ringing has not—
The ringing, I'm sorry to notice, has not.

Church bells. They are all very well for those people
Who live in the country and hear them afar.
But when a chap lives a few yards from a steeple,
A chap gets to know what a nuisance they are.
'Twas scarcely so bad in the days when our churches
Were fewer on earth; but since that was the case,
The mania for ecclesiastic researches—
In Country and Town—has been growing apace,
And churches as well have been growing apace.

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Of bells as a means of attraction, to find
The church, which a feeling of grandeur induces,
Adopting a tin-potty sound of this kind.
The movable vendor of muffins and crumpets
Is hardly to blame for this row—he's no choice.
The lady reclining on couch with her dumb pets,
Near twilight and tea-time, might not hear his voice.
A bell always penetrates more than a voice.

'Tis strange, when one comes to consider the uses

I like to be warned when a train is on starting, Particularly when I've booked for that train.

The bell that reminds you the train is departing Is not such a difficult thing to explain.

There's not much excuse for the bell at the circus, Although we may fondly remember to what

A pitch of excitement the ringing would work us When sitting, as children—which now we are not— At Hengler's old circus, which likewise is not.

If Church and Religion were muffins and crumpets,
Or trains on the point of departure, or clowns,
We'd probably welcome, with flourish of trumpets,
The noise that our churches kick up in our towns.
But muffins and crumpets and clowns and expresses
Aren't Church and Religion, and these are not they:

A union of fact which I think, more or less, is

Good reason for Churches to alter their way—

Attract congregations a different way.

Attract congregations a different way.

Of course, there are church bells and

church bells, the same as
There're organs and organs—the bells

that recall

The tinker to mind, who a nice little game has

At hitting tin pots, and the bells of St. Paul:

A diff'rence as wide as the noise of those fellows—

Or rather their organs—who favour the street,

And peals from a regular organ with bellows,

With keys for your hands and a lot for your feet —

A rather confusing amount for your feet.



Church bells. There would be some defence for their clatter If clocks were unknown, and we knew by their chime Twas time for the butcher and grocer and hatter And you to proceed to atone for your crime.

But clocks are invented; the times for devotion Are everywhere known and by many employed; Which sets me believing this clangy commotion Was only invented to make me annoyed—
Was simply invented to make me annoyed.

Who's there?—oh, it's Mary. What!—half-past eleven!

By Jove, so it must be: those bells are subdued!

What's that?—there's a lady still waiting? Great Heaven!

You don't mean to say so! She will think me rude.

Yes, please: I would like my hot water made hotter.

Church bells. What a pity they entered my head.

Church bells. It was on their account I forgot her;

They're wholly to blame for my staying in bed—

'Tis clearly their fault that I'm late out of bed.





THE FIRST STEAM ENGINE

BY EDGAR WILSON



FAIR YOUNG THING: "My dear, he's quite hopeless, I assure you. I talked of nothing but the Royal betrothal the whole of last evening—and there was a lovely moon, too—but he never said a word!"



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## A<sup>n</sup> interesting interview

OWADAYS, no publication is complete without containing an interview with some person of note, and we have therefore much pleasure in giving particulars of an interview between Our Representative and the eminent Comedian, Mr. Socken Buskin. Mr. Buskin is widely known and respected as a man of prominence in his profession, and we feel sure that the views briefly set forth in his interesting conversation with Our Representative will command a world-wide interest.

Our Representative, who is the greatest Interviewer the world has ever known, walked up the steps leading to Mr. Buskin's residence, carefully displaying to the best advantage the diamond ring on the little finger of his left hand, and the gilt nob on his walking-stick. He knocked smartly at the door, which was instantly opened by a Boy in Buttons.

"Is Mr. Buskin at home?" asked Our Representative.

The Boy in Buttons looked Our Representative well over for a few seconds, and then said he would take Our Representative's card and inquire. Shortly afterwards Our Representative heard a voice in an adjoining room say gruffly "Tell him I'm not at home. Say I'm on tour and shan't be back for months."

The next moment the Boy in Buttons returned to Our Representative, who generously saved him the trouble of perverting the truth by walking quietly but firmly into the room from whence the gruff voice had proceeded. It was a furnished room, and there was paper on the walls. The stove appeared to have been recently blackleaded; and one of the ornaments on the sideboard was chipped in three places. Mr. Buskin was seated in a comfortable armchair, with his feet lightly resting on a corner of the mantelpiece. He was smoking a really AI cigar, and at his elbow there was a joyous little something of the nature of a whisky and

seltzer. Our Representative bowed with his well-known elegance, and smiled in a manner that displayed a row of pearly teeth as he explained his errand.



"Awfully sorry," said the great man, taking a sip at his glass, "but I'm so busy just now. Call again."

Our Representative sat down in a comfort-

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able rocking-chair just opposite the great man, and produced a huge note-book from his pocket. Then he said:—

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"Tell me now, Mr. Buskin, what is your opinion of the stage as a moral teacher? I have heard a good many views on the subject, and it seems to me that people are disposed to



under-estimate the importance of this great question. Now, in my opinion, the stage is performing a very useful function. Mind you, I don't contend that the stage will eventually do away with the necessity for the Board School; but I think—er, that is—I hope I make myself clear to you?"

"You will excuse me. I do not wish to talk to you, sir. Good-morning!" said the great man, taking another sip of his grog.

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Buskin," said Our Representative, "for expressing your views so clearly and at such length. Now will you kindly tell me what you consider the chief function of dramatic art? Is it to instruct or simply to amuse? There are many people who hold that the play should be merely a kind of lay sermon and nothing more. My own opinion is entirely different. What I say is this—"

Mr. Buskin tossed the remains of his cigar into the fire nonchalantly. Then he brought his hand down lightly on a silver electric bell by his side. The next moment the door opened, and the Boy in Buttons appeared.

"Show this gentleman out," said the genial comedian.

"Now, Mr. Buskin," continued Our Representative, "there is one other question I must ask you. Where did you make your first appearance? Personally, you will understand, I don't attach much importance to the question; but it is one that is always asked. I don't mind telling you that I myself began life in the City, in a wine merchant's office, my parents having originally intended me for a commercial career; but as soon as I discovered that my real bent lay in the direction of literature—"

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"Where's James?" interrupted the great comedian with a weary sigh, turning to the Boy in Buttons. "Fetch him."

The Boy in Buttons retired, closing the door noiselessly behind him.

"Now, Mr. Buskin," said Our Representative,
"I should like to know which you consider
the most popular kind of play—Comedy, or
Tragedy, or Farce? Personally I must say I do
like a good rollicking farce. I like to see a man
come on the stage with another man's hat on
which is two sizes too big. It makes me positively scream with laughter; and when a fellow
is really supposed to be quite sane, and people
keep on coming in and taking him for a dangerous lunatic, and defend themselves from a
possible attack with fire shovels and umbrellas,
it makes me roar till I want holding down. I do,
really. I remember once——"

There was a knock at the door. "Come in!" said the great man quietly, as he lit another cigar. The door opened, and a square-built man of massive frame strode into the room.

"James," said the great comedian, indulging in another sip of his health mixture, "take this person away."

"Well, Mr. Buskin," continued Our Representative, rising and consulting a gold hunting watch jewelled in several holes, "I have one more question to ask you before taking my leave. I am sure you will believe me when I

say I am fully sensible of the delicate nature of the circumstances, and without wishing to intrude in any way upon the privacy of family matters I should just like to know—"

At this point the interview terminated by Our Representative being taken outside by James and gently deposited on the scraper. As soon as he had pulled himself sufficiently together, Our Representative returned home to write out his copious notes, with the view of presenting them to an anxiously expectant world.

A. G.





THE DANCE
BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN



HOSTESS: "Lady Fitzjones is 50 charmed with that delightful sonata you have just been playing, Herr Schmidt. Do tell me the composer's name."

HERR SCHMIDT: "It sads me dat I know it not, madame; but it vas der popular song, 'Come vere de booze vas shepaire!'"



SIGHTSEER: "I don't see nothing."

PROFESSOR: "Hoptical delusion, my dear sir!—merely a hoptical delusion,"



TÊTE-À-TÊTE

BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN



## TO MY PREMIÈRES DANSEUSES

BY L. GODFREY-TURNER

SIGNORINI ANIMATO, CAVATINA, ARIETTA, VERMICELLI, PIZZICATO,

AMOROSO and VENDETTA—
Tell me, for my mind's improvement,
What, in all your ballets, you've meant
By that rapid whirling movement,
Made, from point of our inspection,
In a cornerwise direction;
Keeping time (from where you start-o
To the finish) called legato?

Much I marvel, while I view it With but ordinary vision, How the dickens you can do it
With that clockwork-like precision:
Yet I marvel still more densely
Why it's practised so immensely!
Surely 'twould be more than curious
If this revolution furious
Were not awfully injurious!

Were the ladies whom you chance to
Honour by impersonation
Ever known or thought to dance to
Such a violent rotation?
Think you Mythologic ladies
(Lodging on and off in Hades)
Used to fascinate their fancies
By these idiotic dances?

Was this pyrotechnic spinning
(Done with much bewitching grinning)
Then considered rather winning?
Do you entertain the notion
That pedestrial locomotion
Haply sprang from a devotion
To the earnest imitation
Of a peg-top's circulation?
If that was their mode of moving
In the Mythologic ages
(Though the circumstance wants proving
By our Paternoster sages)—\*
Was their manner of proceeding,
Who can be surprised at reading

\* Probably the school-book makers of Paternoster Row.—Author. That the ladies of those rum times Were a trifle giddy sometimes!

Lithe and springy PIZZICATO;

VERMICELLI the vivacious;

Fat but fiery ANIMATO;

CAVATINA short and gracious;

Light and lively ARIETTA;

Languid, luring AMOROSO;

Fierce inflammable VENDETTA,—

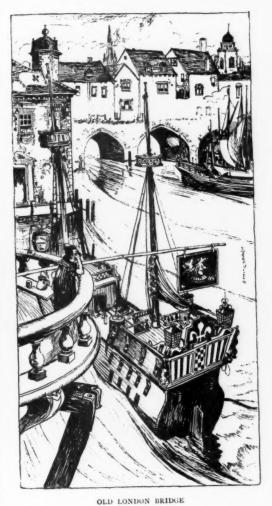
Can you tell me why you go so?

Do, now, for I want to know so!





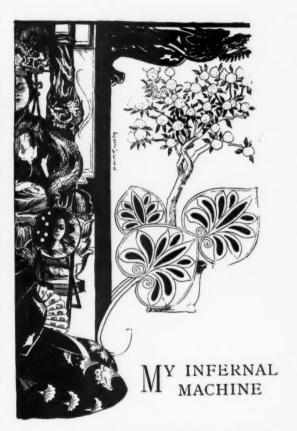
"Oh, please, Captain Armstrong, will you ask mamma to come in paddling with me?"



BY EDGAR WILSON



BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN



HEN a certain Metropolitan magistrate reads this—if he ever does—he will chuckle contentedly, and shake hands with himself for a fine fellow; for it must inevitably happen, as he reads on—if, I repeat, he ever does—that he will become more and more convinced of his right to the proud

reflection that, to his already handsome list of professional blunders, he has added a miscarriage of justice which any one of his brother "beaks" would have given his ears to have been responsible for. I refer to the brilliant mess respectable old stupid made of the case of P.C. X 42 versus Tosher, in which I was charged with riding a "safety" to the common danger; the exact nature of the charge being that I, William Tosher, 27, describing myself as a clerk, did furiously ride my bicycle down the stone steps at the bottom of Waterloo Place, thereby very seriously terrifying the members of the London Rifle Brigade, who happened to be drilling in St. James's Park at the time; and also that, in shooting Pall Mall on my way to these steps, I did maliciously endeavour to run my machine under the horses of a London road-car. The action, as everybody knows, resulted in my being fined ten pounds; but the precise manner in which I came to operate these breaches of the peace was, as everybody doesn't know (for the reason that I was not permitted to make any defence in court), brought about by a series of unfortunate incidents which will all come out in their proper order of occurrence in the following little statement.

On a certain Saturday afternoon well known to the police, and not likely to be forgotten by

me, I arrived at my house in Regent's Park to find that my new machine—a safety—had been sent at last. I ordered it at the beginning of the dry weather, because I knew that trial trips on strange machines were not always unaccompanied by those trifling miscalculations of balance which bring the road into sudden contact with your clothes; but the thing came when the pavements had put on a settled look of greasy moisture, and the puddles in the roads had come to stay.

"You are never going to try it with the roads in this state, are you?" cried my wife in astonishment, when she saw me leading my new toy down the garden.

"I'm only going up the road and down again, dear, and it's pretty dry in the middle," I replied, turning round and nodding to her confidentially.

You should never turn round to nod confidentially when you are leading a bicycle. If you do, the machine, which a moment before has been leaning towards you, leans away from you, and you have either to let it drop by itself, or to go down gently with it. There is no rule as to this. Some people drop it without the smallest hesitation, making mental calculations, as they see it going, as to the probable cost of repairs. Others hang on to it affectionately, and refuse to leave it until they have flattened the lamp, burst the pneumatic tyres, and pulled out the spokes. It is simply a matter of taste.

I adopted the former method, and the bicycle alighting upon a bed of thickly planted geraniums, no harm was done—to the bicycle.

"Remember, Will, we are dining earlier tonight, because of the theatre. Now, don't be out more than ten minutes, there's a good boy."

"I won't be that," was my positive answer, as I waddled rather violently in the direction of Portland Place. I did not look back as I said this, but kept my eyes firmly fixed on the front wheel—that is, as firmly as it would let me. I don't think any man who remembers his first ride on a safety will accuse me of exaggeration when I say that my eyes experienced no little difficulty in following the impulsive movements of that front wheel. It darted from this point to that with such remarkable rapidity that I several times lost count where it was last, and dared not think where it would turn up next.

"You mustn't expect it until it turns up," said a friend of mine, giving me some useful advice on the subject of that front wheel, a day or two before my new bicycle itself turned up. I followed my friend's advice to the letter, but I'm sorry he omitted to tell me what to do when the wheel turned up without my expecting it at all. I can call to mind several occasions when some practical knowledge on this point would have come in quite handy.

Another useful hint my friend gave me-

"When the machine scoops on one side, you must scoop with it. If you don't, it will scoop away without you."

I had all this in my mind as I made for Portland Place. You want plenty of elbowroom, you know, when you are riding a safety for the first time. It is not like the ordinary machine. I had been accustomed to riding with the centre of the wheel directly below me. You want a nice wide road, with very little traffic in it, when you have two centres of two wheels to deal with—one in front of you, and one behind, and both trying to go in opposite directions.

While in Portland Place, something happened to the machine and myself which taught me a very valuable lesson in the art of avoiding obstacles.

I found that meeting a waggon on a bicycle was curiously like meeting a steam-launch in a small boat—it was no good beginning to get out of its way while it was yet some distance from you. When a small boat sees a steam-launch on the horizon, it makes sure of avoiding a collision by immediately preparing to give it a wide berth. All goes well until they get within an eighth of a mile of one another, when the steam-launch acts as a sort of magnet upon the small boat, and draws it swiftly on to its destruction. If the small boat, instead of taking these precautions against an accident, had

steered straight for the other's bows, they might not have noticed each other pass.

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I was soon up again, however, and was congratulating myself upon my narrow escape, when, taking my eyes off the front wheel for a second, I discovered we were drifting into the whirlpool of traffic at Oxford Circus. I tried to turn back, but just then the horse of a hansom cab, which was behind me, persuaded me I had better not, so I traced a curious pattern across the Circus, and switchbacked into Regent Street, something after the fashion of a swallow that has not quite made up its mind where it wants to go, but is in a great hurry nevertheless.

"Now, then, which side are you going?" was the impatiently asked question of an old gentleman who had tried every part of the road in his endeavour to keep out of my way, and was now beginning to think that a trap-door was his only means of escape. He might just as well have asked me where I was going to at that time of the day ten years hence.

Seeing me chasing another gentleman in the same way at Piccadilly Circus, the policeman conducting the traffic there asked me why I didn't ring my bell. If I had had time to stop and argue, I would have asked that policeman what on earth was the good of ringing the bell for a man to get out of your way when you were positive your machine wouldn't let him.

As it was, the bicycle hurried off to Waterloo Place before I could even utter a single word, and got into fresh trouble there.

"I'll see if it travels a bit straighter with my feet off the treadles," I said to myself, with difficulty releasing my canvas shoes from the dangerous grasp of the new safety treadles, and letting them hang down at either side. "I can easily put on the brake if I find it goes down the hill too fast."

I was right as to its travelling straighter. It went as straight as a dart down the hill, and quite as quick. "I must put on the brake now," was my thought as I felt the post-office whizzing by me like a country railway-station on an express journey. But the maker had himself forgotten to put the brake on, so I was obliged to abandon this plan for slackening up, and to take to trying to catch the treadles as they flew up. Instead of my catching them, they caught me—several violent blows on the soles of my feet, and I saw that this mode was useless also.

A sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit when, upon nearing Pall Mall, I observed it was being proceeded along by a string of cabs, relieved now and again by a formidable road-car, which had to cross the better part of the bottom of Waterloo Place before it struggled up it on its way to the Circus. How was I to avoid breaking myself on the wheel of one of these things? Fortunately I remembered the

lesson I learnt in Portland Place, and so made straight for the horses of a road-car. The speed at which I was travelling was scarcely favourable to the plan, and I only just missed the polechains as I shot past on my way to St. James's Park.

"Hi! You can't go down them steps," shouted a policeman, who was standing about a dozen yards from them.

"I don't want to," I gasped, turning pale at the very thought.

Then I fancy the thought must have been realized somehow, for the next time I was able to look about me, and speak, I was being sorted from a tangle of twisted spokes, and a lot of policemen were bothering me for my name and address.

You know the rest—ten pounds, or imprisonment for fourteen days! L. G.-T.





#### MOON-SHINE

My Editor suggests that I Should write a quiz-

zing verse or two To make this scene of moonlit sky

And happy lovers clear to you.

But when folks meet at Cupid's shrine,

What right have I to scoff or quiz?

It's really no concern of mine-

And, for that matter, none of his!

If I were scoffed at, I should be

The first such rudeness to condemn; And since these lovers

don't hurt me, Why should I inter-

fere with them?
O. K.



#### **ONCERNING** CRICKET

T is not, I believe, an unusual thing, At this time of the year, for a fellow to sing Of the popular pastime of cricket-To sing Hey! for the bat, to sing Hey! for the ball, To sing Hey! for the pitch, for the score, and for all That concerns it, including the wicket.

Let me also sing Hey! (if the space here affords) For those beautiful ladies, in love with their "Lords," Who attend the "Society" matches, And who know just as much about bowlers and "bats." As the cricketers know about bonnets and hats, To which half the importance attaches!

I am not over-clear as to what is conveyed When a sport and the things that comprise it are "Heyed," For I've never been given a reason; But I venture to think, from the tone of that Hey, That it's meant in a very agreeable way-So, sing Hey! for the Cricketing Season! L. G.-T.



ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA



THE UNIVERSITIES



" GEORGE "

### OTTO SCHMIDT

DER OTTO sat a-shmokin'
Und trinkin' Lager bier,
Ven somevun knocks und bellers,
"Vas Meester Schmidt leev here?"
"Come in, mein Freund," sprach Otto,
"Komm' schnell herein, und sit
Und trink some pots of Lager,
Und eat some sandvich mit!"



Der Stranger kam und sagte,
"Don't plarney me—no fear!
I vant no sossidge sandvich,
Nor yet no Lager bier!
Last night you meet mein Bruder,
Some shindies vas arose,

Und you picked oop ein Bierglas, Und punched him on der nose!



"Und als er lay a-kickin'
Upon de tap-room floor,
I kam along und seen him,
Und den REVENGE! I shwore!"
"Ach, so! mein Freund," sprach Otto,
"You give me sometings, ch?

Py tam! I knock der stuffins All out of you avay!

"Bud I don'd do no fightin'
Indoors—come down der lane!
Goot pye! Frau Schmidt, don'd vorry—
I soon come pack again!"
Und so der Mensch und Otto
Sie gingen out to fight—

"You vant some lickins, ain'd id?" Sprach Otto,—"dat's all right!" Dey vent on till dey came to
Ein pooblikhaus close by,
Vere lots of shaps was trinkin'
De premises near dry!
Den to the man sprach Otto,
"Now vat you tink of dat?"
Und pointed to the lady
Vich py the counter sat.



"Dein Bruder last night tell me
Dis lufly leetle tings
Vas nix but paints und powders,
Und haffcrown ti'mond rings!
Dat's vy I make him sorry
For tings like vich he said,—
Für dat I make some scrimmage,—
Für dass ich slap his head!"

Der feller looked mit vonders
Upon dat Mädchen fair,
Mit eyes so bright als Sterne,
Und fluffy golden hair!
Und cheeks so red as beetroots
Vich timpled ven she shmiled—
Und den on Otto's veskit
He veep shoost like a child!

"Für dass hast du gefochten?
Forgive me, Schmidt, nicht wahr?
Come in und volf some Lagers—
Und shmoke me ein' cigar!
Mein Bruder say dis Venus
Vas old und on der shelf?
Py Cott! I go direckly
Und pull his ear meinself!"

ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.





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#### A PENNY STAMP

T was a letter my wife had given me to post earlier in the day. I had put it into my pocket with the best of intentions, explaining that I would get some stamps as I went along. And now I took that letter out of my pocket and looked at it. Where was I to buy a stamp at II.30 p.m.?

True, there was a public-house just opposite. I hate going into public-houses; but it was so late, and I wasn't likely to meet any one I knew, so I went in. I had always understood that public-houses usually keep stamps for the convenience of careless correspondents. I ordered a little something, and then I said to

the lady behind the bar that I supposed she could sell me a postage stamp.

The lady said she was awfully sorry; she had just sold the last one.

I smiled drearily, and said it didn't matter. This was not true. That letter was addressed to a lady who should have received it that night. She was an exalted person, whom my wife would not have ventured to disappoint for worlds. Ha! there was a newspaper shop, just putting up its shutters. I rushed in and asked for an evening paper and a postage stamp in the same breath.

All the evening papers had gone, and the proprietor, evidently anxious to get to bed, was crowding me politely towards the door. I picked up a little pamphlet. It was marked "2d." I said I would have that instead, and I should consider it a great favour if he would sell me a postage stamp.

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"No postage stamps this time o' night," said the proprietor abruptly. I stuffed the pamphlet into my pocket and fled. I never looked at it again till I reached home; but I have since thought that the newsvendor must have slightly doubted the condition of a customer who would accept in place of an evening newspaper a manual on the art of dancing jigs and reels with two coloured plates and several diagrams. A little farther up the street there was a baker's shop. Its door was shut, but there was a light

burning inside, and on the strength of that I knocked for admittance. An old lady let me in, and then hurried behind the counter, where she stood with an inquiring stare, apparently under the impression that I had come to buy up the shop.

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I apologised for the lateness of the hour and everything else I could think of, and then I meekly explained that I was in want of a postage stamp. The old lady hesitated. I caught up a long loaf of bread—the only one left—and said I would have that. How much was it?

I forget what she said—twopence or threepence, with an odd farthing. I put the money down directly, and again submitted that I was urgently in need of a penny stamp.

The old lady was very sorry, but she didn't sell stamps at all. Had an idea a licence or something of that kind had to be got from the Gov'ment. Never had occasion to use stamps herself through not knowin' how to write. Perhaps if I inquired of the police——

I bade her good-night hurriedly, and turned to the door with my purchase under my arm, when she called me back. In spite of my protests she insisted on formally weighing the bread and in pressing upon me a stale crust which she said was necessary by law to make up for an apparent deficiency in the weight of the loaf. I had no words. I caught up the morsel of bread and plunged out into the night.

There I was in a back street off the Marylebone Road, with a loaf of bread and that extra crust under my arm, calculating that I had just twenty minutes in which to catch the last train to Kensington. I walked for about half a mile, dimly trying to estimate the consequences of posting that letter without a stamp as I went. All at once I came across a burly man standing at his shop door and smoking a pipe. He was a common, unpleasant-looking person, but in my despair I felt I could cringe to anybody if there was a chance of getting out of my trouble. I walked up and—yes, I did—I touched my hat as I said, "I beg your pardon, but would you mind obliging me with a postage stamp?"

"Beggin' yourn, guv'nor," came the reply; "but I only keeps stamps for my customers."

I took him at that. It was a gleam of sunshine at last. I hinted meekly that I would like to become a customer. I had not the faintest idea of what he had to sell, but I thought I could perhaps buy a trifle that might come in handy at some time. So I followed him into the shop.

He was a bird fancier or something in that way. Informed me that he had had dealings with the Prince of Wales. Then bluffly inquired if I would prefer a singing canary or a leetle dorg. There was no help for it. I said I would have the canary. At the worst I could let it go when I got outside. I hit upon a dingy little thing, in a dingier cage, and inquired the price.

"Five an' a tanner buys it, guv'nor, cage an' all," he said. I bought it, cage and all; and then I referred to the postage stamp.

The dealer made a long search. He looked carefully behind the dog-kennels, under the bird-cages, on the top of the rabbit-hutches, and inside the chicken-coops. Then he came back and said mournfully that he was blest if they'd got one left.

I drifted sadly away, and thought I would give up trying any more. I had the loaf of bread still under one arm and that infernal bird—cage and all—under the other. And still I had no prospect of a postage stamp.

A cab drove up, and the driver urged me to be driven somewhere. I said: "No, thanks; but—er—I say, cabby, have you got such a thing as a postage stamp about you? I'll—er—I'll—give you this loaf of bread for it."

The cabman said—well, no; it doesn't matter what he said; but he drove off saying it, and said it till he was about fifty yards away, and then he stopped short and said it all over again.

I arrived home that night by the last train, with a loaf of bread and a singing canary and a feeling of acute depression. Some days later my wife informed me that the letter she had given me to post to the great lady had been delivered unstamped, with twopence to pay. I said I was not surprised to hear it.

### SOME PRESS CUTTINGS

WESTMINSTER ... It is distinctly clever as art,
GAZETTE clever beyond dispute, and well
printed....

LADY'S ... THE BUTTERFLY spreads its
PICTORIAL wings boldly, and I shall be surprised
if every one with any taste and
humour is not speedily running after

THE GENTLEWOMAN ... Genuinely bright and original ...

THE STAR . . . So infinitely better than the average sixpenny illustrated paper.
. . . It is pleasant to the eye, and, more important, you can slip your magasine into your pocket without trouble. . . .

DAILY GRAPHIC ... Distinctive and original. . . .

Not like anything else in the field.

. . Illustrations are clever enough to appeal to the few, and smart cnough to be popular. . . .

JUDY The notion shows a nice advance,
And welcome is the BUTTERFLY!
We hope that all who have the
chance

To treat its pages to a glance Won't let it idly flutter by.

DAILY ... Is really an amusing and very well drawn production. . .

TH

GAZETTE GAZETTE another in the production of really superior contributions. . . .

BRISTOL TIMES
AND MIRROR

... Has in it all the elements of success. ... Is absolutely, in shape, size, and matter, unique. ...

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... To provide light literature in an artistic setting is the aim of the promoters. In the first number they have succeeded admirably. . . .

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Edited by L. RAVEN-HILL and ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

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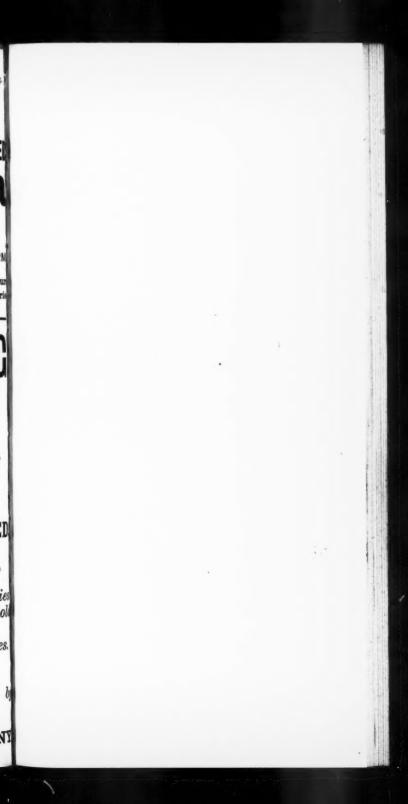
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EVERY TUESDAY. ONE PENN





THE MERMAID

BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN

## THE BUTTER -FLY BALLADS

BY L. GODFREY-TURNER



NCE there lived by herself, in a cave 'neath the sea,
Rather tastefully furnished with corals,
An immaculate mermaid, like you or like me
In her high estimation of morals.
She was none of your forward young persons whose hair
Is the most they will run to for something to wear.

She'd a mackintosh reaching right down to her tail,
Which she wore when she went for a waddle,
Showing merely a modest two-inches of scale,
And a waterproof hat on her noddle.

But what need with descriptions my paper to fill In the face of this drawing by L. Raven-Hill?



Now, I'll take it for granted your natural wish
Is to know why her dress so correct is
When her only companions were goggle-eyed fish?
Well, the reason of this, I expect, is,
That she'd often pop up when the weather was fair
For a hasty look round and a breath of fresh air.

She had risen one day, had this mermaid austere,
For a thoroughly womanly reason,
That of quizzing the dresses she saw on the pier
In the height of the midsummer season—
(I should mention, perhaps, that the pier she'd in view
Was that Brighton concern of a hideous blue)—

She had risen on purpose these fashions to quiz;
But was looking as well, without thinking,
At a man leaning over. Her vision met his—
To her horror, she found he was winking.
Now, to wink at a mermaid, and one you don't know,
Is decidedly caddish and horribly low.

(But what else would a person expect, if you please,
From a twopenny-halfpenny fellow
With his hat at an angle of sixty degrees,
And a blazer of purple and yellow?
If you look at his picture, I'm sure you will think
He's the type of those creatures who ogle and wink.)



It would take, I have reckoned, the length of a page—
Not a particle under that measure—
To describe to you fully the sea-maiden's rage,
The extent of the lady's displeasure,

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When her look at that terrible cad on the pier Was returned with a wink and a smile and a leer.

But this much I must tell to you, space or no space,—
That the mermaiden quivered with passion,
That a spiteful expression pervaded her face,
As she hissed, in theatrical fashion,—
Turning over and angrily darting away—
"You'll regret this insulting behaviour some day!"

Part II. N OW, the invalid girl in an invalid chair,
At a seaside resort in the season,
Who exhibits a limp, lackadaisical air,
Is for some unaccountable reason
More admired and petted and sought for as wife
Than the girl who was never so well in her life.

Thus the people of Brighton were puzzled to know
How that invalid lady so charming
Could permit the attendance, wherever she'd go,
Of that man whose get-up was alarming,
And whose manner of wearing the hat on his head
Was sufficient to show he was far from well-bred.

And what puzzled them more was that she, such a swell,
And so aristocratic of feature,
Should appear to be under the amorous spell
Of this highly inferior creature.
That she ogled the person a lot, it is clear,
Or the artist would not have depicted it here.

But what puzzled them *most* was the singular news
That the two were engaged to be married.
The report seemed to travel in seven-league shoes,
Or by some magic agent be carried;
For the people now paused on the pavement to stare
Every time that they met this remarkable pair.

"My adored one," the lady remarked to the man, On the day before that of their marriage,

"I should like to be married—that is, if I can— While I sit in my invalid carriage.

From the doors to the altar is, oh, such a length, That the walk would, I fear, prove too much for my strength.

"It is not, I admit, quite the orthodox way"—
Interrupting, he answered, "Don't name it.
My indulgence is at your command, and I pray
You will hesitate never to claim it.

We'll be wed just the same !—and for all that I care, You could answer the priest from a carriage-and-pair!"



They were married. And when they'd got over that task, And for honeymoon happy were starting,

Mrs. Robinson said she'd a favour to ask—
Only one little thing ere departing.

Would he wheel her himself to the end of the pier?

And he answered, half-heartedly, "Certainly, dear."

"I'm so terribly, terribly fond of the sea,
And I want a long look and a tender,
At the waters so open, so brave, and so free.
That I may not miss much of their splendour,
I would like you to raise me a bit, if you would—
Thanks—I'm sorry to bother—you're awfully good "—

Then with one mighty spring she went over the rail, And poor Robinson thought he had got 'em, When he noticed a good seven inches of tail Coming out of her dress at the bottom.

"Can it be that I've married a mermaid!" he cried.
"Yes, it can," was the answer that came from the bride.

"You have married a mermaid!" she angrily said,
With a look in her eyes black as thunder,
As she waggled her body to keep out her head.
"And look here, sir! before I go under,
I have something to say" (here she looked cold as ice),

"Which partakes of the nature of useful advice.

"When you happen next time to espy from the pier
A respectable mermaid out paddling,
You had better not give her a wink and a leer,
You extremely unmannerly cadling!
I determined revenge when you ogled at me
From the end of the pier, and I've had it, you see!"

And with that she turned over, and scooped down below,
And the cad saw the size of his blunder.

"Can it be that the wink that I winked long ago
Was at her, who has just glided under?

Can it be that she's made me her own out of spite?

Can it be that my wife is a fish? Oh, good-night!"

Then the cad sauntered home in a sorrowful mood;
And I've this to observe before closing,
That he'll always remember that day he was rude,
Whether waking, or sleeping, or dozing;
For whatever the wife, he is married, that's plain,
And the Law won't allow him to marry again!



THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS

BY OSCAR ECKHARDT

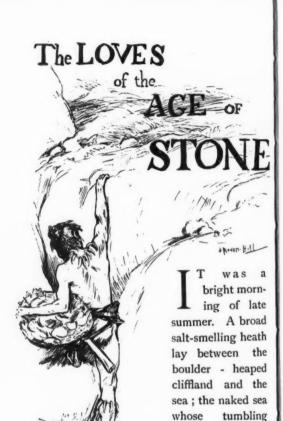


"Bin an' borrered 'er di-vi-ded skirt, ain't yer?"



A WILD WEST TRAGEDY

"A-las! poor Yor'ck; dern it, I knew him well, Horatio. Great Scott! how I did know him to be sure."



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unpassed country lying away for ever nowhither, to the mouth of the sun's own cave perhaps, or perhaps indeed nowhither. Above it the sky, blue, blue as the sea was green,

across which flew young white clouds, as white as the fleeces of the sea.

The spearman came up from the sea, almost a boy, with only the first blush of a beard upon him. It was commonly expected among the tribesmen that the spearman would one day be their headman. How near or remote that day might be they could not tell, for the reigning headman showed no sign as yet of flagging strength; still taking his tithe of meat and wives with no hesitating hand. And as to the spearman he was lithe if slight, agile if not of great strength, and his courage turned aside for no beast that glared. His burden as he came up from the sea was unwonted, a womanish load. The unsurpassed spearman had been scraping among the mud of the water edge like a bearer of children. He made little of the clams he carried upon a tray of woven osier, the fresh harvest of his labour since sunrise, though they were plentiful enough even, one would say, easily to effect the object for which the young spearman had taken them. he came across the heath, light of foot, but sober of countenance, until he reached the rockskirted camp. Women looked up at his yodel from the fires they tended, and did not immediately turn to their work, for envy of his fishing. Other women were picking over the maimed carcasses which lay in several places, separating with a stone the pieces of flesh which still hung to the skins. All the men were sullen, scarcely stirring, some all but asleep, for

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it was the morrow of a great feast, and excessive joy of supping had spoiled the expectation of breakfast. The moment was unfortunate, but the young spearman advanced, holding his tray before him, to the place where the headman leaned against a rock, with his fists one upon the other against his breast, as he had a manner when in wrath. As the spearman set down the tray of clams by his feet, he made the slight movement forward, just necessary to gain the complete support of his feet, and with a

shake and backward jerk of his head he threw the hair from his temples. He laughed with malice and said to the boy: "An offering to the headman's wife?"

The tribesmen drew near cautiously. For all knew the suit of the spearman; that he offered clams and goodwill of service to the headman that he might take to wife the white girl, who was called so because she was white as the sea sand. Some knew beside that the headman was angry against the spearman because he was brave and lithe, and the headman's wife was fierce and wayward. The boy did not bow his head at his chief's words, but answered:

" An offering to the headman."

With that, too, he took his necklace from his neck. It was of bear's claws, the pride of his huntsman's craft, all pierced and strung, as a headman might not disdain. This he proffered to his chief, though it was a precious thing, with a frank, determined expression. As he did so the headman asked him:

"Do you offer claws to a bear?"

At this the boy drew back, withdrawing the necklace, and feeling with his left hand for the axe which hung in a simple loop of his girdle; which, save for his necklace and the like, with far fewer claws below either knee, was all the clothing he wore; yes, he disdained so much as a shoulder-skin against the rain. The women left their fires and work, joining the men, so

that now the whole tribe looked on in wondering silence, to see which of the combatants, the headman so gross and powerful, or the spearman so nimble and swift, would strike down the other and send him into the night. The battle was a short one; twice or thrice did the lad start from under the blow of his adversary. Had he but had confidence to fling his axe, young arm and true eye could not have failed; but, knowing his own agility, he counted upon the like in the headman, and feared to let his only weapon leave his hand. So that, his first blow guarded, the weight of a rush threw him to the ground, where he lay for ever, the point of his chief's axe deep buried in his skull.

The victor, with that gesture of his, threw back his damp red hair from his face and looked savagely round the circle of the tribe. He picked up the boy's axe and placed it upon his breast. The necklace, once offered him, belonged no more to the dead. He took it, placed it upon the neck of the white girl, and bade her help his wife to prepare breakfast. While two of the women, taking the boy's corpse each by a wrist, dragged it away into the bushes at the edge of the wood.

\* \* \*

Rain had fallen during the day, and the evening was chill. Winding across the heath to the sea came a long file of the women of the camp



to take fish among the rocks exposed by the unusually low tide, and score up the sand for silver eels. One of them carried a brand with which, when they returned, to ignite a great torch, to cover them from prowling beasts in the dark. The rest, with their primitive fishing implements, wore each a skin, covering herself with it as best she was able. All save the white girl, who wore none, by the malice, it seemed, of the headman's wife, whose associate she had been all day, and that but little to her comfort.



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The sea sand lay tawny like a lion's fell, its hollows tufted with coarse hairy growths. The shallow pools upon it caught and absorbed what little day was left. From seaward came the tumble of the distant breakers; from landward the cries of the braves as they danced at evening.

The sullen wives went straight down to the water, scarcely picking their way; for they liked not their labour. At a certain point the majority of them turned aside where a little gulf cut in through the sand among a heap of rocks. A few continued to the sea's edge; among them the headwife and the white girl. These, stooping, a man's length from the water, scratched hither and hither in the white sand with pointed stakes, till the white eels darted forth and were taken, and pushed quickly into the skin bag each wife carried at her waist.

The headwife and the girl worked side by side in silence. Not long, and they disputed an eel: the girl gave way. After this they worked even closer together, almost touching one another at times. A big, bright eel darted out; each struck at it with the flat of her hand; they came into collision, and the eel escaped into the water. Furious, the headwife struck the girl with her stake; and she, the white thing, recoiling in pain, dropped her bag, so that half her eels escaped. A second blow and she fell with a cry. Then the headwife beat her upon



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the head, again and again and again, though she cried no more. The women from the rocks ran near, and looked on in silent interest. For the headwife, taking her victim by one of her heels, waded knee-deep into the water, and walked to and fro a long distance, dragging her oscillating burden. Then she came out and looked for a time at the still, white and bruised body; till she left it, and having found what she sought, she returned, and with a great conch slowly scored the whiteness of the white girl from throat to thighs.

Then the brand was set to a bush twisted on a long stake, and with long, even strides all the women went back in silence through the dusk.

JOHN GRAY.

## UP THE RIVER

WITH due respect to those who'll say,
"Tastes differ" and "opinions vary"—

(A most objectionable way
Of manifesting views "contrairy")—
A lady never looks so smart,
So apt a sentimental shiver
To spread about a fellow's heart,
As when she's dressed for Up the River.

I would not for the world assert
That girls look positively frightful
When rigged in lady-cyclist's skirt;
The grace of this is too delightful!
Its singularly ugly set,
I more than readily forgive her.
Her costume is a dream: and yet,
Give me the costume Up the River!

If Fate should ever anxious be
To change my single life to double
(That is, if Fate, 'tween you and me,
Could come to deem it worth the trouble),
I'd say, "Well, Destiny, my dear,
Just drop the Cupid and the quiver,
And bring without delay, right here,
A maiden dressed for Up the River!"

L. G.-T.



THE LOCK
BY MAURICE GREIPFENHAGEN



IRATE CAB-DRIVER: "'Ere! where yer goin'?"
GENIAL BUS-DRIVER: "Charin' Cross; penny all the way!"



"Mos' cur'ous thing. Carn for life o' me recleck wish Hotel I'm stoppin' at. (Pause.) No; tain't the Temp'rance Hotel!"



LADY VISITOR: "And you really think that this is a good place for an invalid to come to?"

BOATMAN: "Well, mum, I dunno how true it is, but I have 'eard tell as how this be a rare place for putting on flesh like."



## THE GHOST AS A MAN AND A BROTHER

It is now established beyond all doubt that we are on the eve of great discoveries in the spiritual world. I am not taking into account the kind of ghost we so frequently hear of, which usually resorts to the senseless practice of lying about the house at night and groaning, or of dragging a chain up and down stairs out of sheer bravado at a time when decent ghosts are at home in bed. Experience has taught us to associate phenomena of this sort with the symptoms usually resulting from late suppers, or from a hurried meal of salad made from a lobster that wasn't, as it were, exactly in its salad days.

We know more about ghosts now. Several

clever people have undertaken to study the nature and habits of the human ghost, and I believe the result has shown that real ghosts are, for the most part, sober and respectable, and have nothing in common with the irresponsible article which has been known to rattle a tea-tray on the staircase till you are half dead with fright under the bedclothes, and then to glide mysteriously into the front parlour and clean out the plate basket.

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Sceptical people may say what they please, but it remains a fact nevertheless that ghosts do exist. Formerly we read of ghosts which wandered around for years in a snow-white sheet, but there was no information to show whether a ghost which had been at the business for long sent its washing out or had it done at In either case we were left ignorant as to whether it had a change in its trunk, or whether it stayed in bed while its things were being laundried. But it appears that we have been entirely mistaken as to the appearance of the average ghost; and the evidence of witnesses now living will prove both useful and interesting. A gentleman whom I will call Mr. A. has testified that on coming home late one night from a club-dinner, he met his wife at the head of the stairs. He distinctly asserts that by her side, resembling her in every respect, stood her wraith, or double, conveying the extraordinary impression that there were two Mrs. A.'s. If this phenomenon was not directly due to spirits, to what was it due?

We are informed on excellent authority that we are surrounded by ghosts on every hand. You have only to cultivate their friendship, and they will teach you how to see through a brick wall, or to write out the thoughts of a friend who is located on the other side of the world, and doesn't want anybody to meddle with his private business.

This is really one of the most interesting features of the new science; and the opportunity for practical experiment is open to all. You sit down with a pencil in your hand and a sheet of paper before you, and think of nothing for several hours. After a time your hand will begin to write of its own accord. If that hand is gifted with any more sense than you yourself appear to be able to control, it should manage to scrawl out on the paper a few honest, plainspoken words of advice to you that will make you feel rather small. As soon as you find something written on the paper, you are in a position to assert that your pencil has been guided by the spirit of Julius Cæsar, or the ghost of Bill Adams; and you should then address verbal questions to your guide, who will write the replies with your hand. I give, with much hesitation, the result of one of my own experiments. I have no doubt that ignorant people will attempt to heap ridicule on my endeavours; but my sense of my duty to humanity rises superior to the scorn of scoffers. Having found my hand ready to reply to my questions, I asked in solemn, measured tones: "What is this Disease that is Coming upon Us?" My hand shook violently for a moment, gave a slight apologetic cough, and at once wrote: "Rats!"

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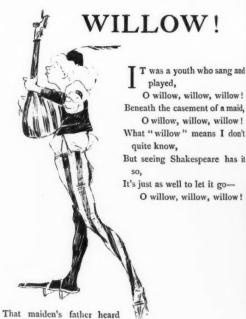
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Now that we have got the facts so far, I think it is quite time that some definite understanding should be arrived at in the matter. If it is really true that the world is peopled with human beings other than ourselves, I consider it is our duty, as law-abiding citizens, to ascertain the extent of their responsibility, and to see that they are made amenable to ordinary legislation. We don't wants ghosts about the neighbourhood that will come and borrow a fiver, and then decline to pay up on the ground that they are beyond the reach of a county court summons or a magistrate's warrant. I want to know definitely whether we are to treat the ghost as a fellow-citizen or not. If there are many ghosts sharing with me the advantages of my house and home. I consider that in common fairness they should be made liable for their share of rent and taxes. And am I to understand that the ghost will have a vote?

The first step in the matter will be to catch a full-sized, responsible ghost and bottle him. We can then get some idea of the party we are doing business with. I am reluctant to parade my ignorance, but I must in candour admit that I have never seen a ghost. I have always understood that people with a disinclination for partial inebriety are usually denied this experience. Granted, however, that it is possible for a man in full possession of his sanity to communicate with ghosts, I shall be glad to hear that steps are being taken to secure a healthy specimen. A well-conducted ghost would be an acquisition to the authorities at the Zoo. I believe I am right in saying that ghosts don't require any food to speak of, and if economy of space is any object they will sleep on the pattern of the wall-paper as comfortably as anywhere. If any reader should happen to have a bonâ-fide ghost, new or second-hand, in good repair and thorough going order, and will deliver it at our offices right end up and carriage paid, I shall be glad to take the same in exchange for my safety bicycle or an infallible recipe for the cure of the drink crave. I should. of course, require the usual written guarantee for two years; and an authenticated certificate as to its honesty and sobriety from its last employer would be much esteemed.

ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.



the Bard,
O willow, willow, willow!
And called the bulldog from the yard,
O willow, willow, willow!
And as he onward urged the cur,
I think we fairly may infer,
The words he freely uttered were
Nor willow, willow, willow!

The youth espied the cur let loose—
O willow, willow, willow!
Then bolted like the very deuce,
O willow, willow, willow!
And, as he sped before the wind,
Did, like a backward tenant find,
His rent was very much behind!
O willow, willow, willow!
A. G.

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JONES (who hasn't had a single bite, watching the boatman's success): "Well, I could have done this just as well from the shore with a telescope—been a good deal cheaper too!"



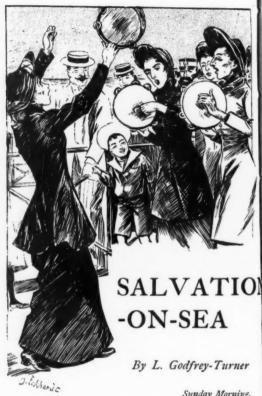
THE CHORUS

BY L. RAVENS



 $\mbox{He}\colon \mbox{``By Jove, there's a tremendous hole in your sunshade."}$ 

SHE: "Y-e-e-s; I—I  $\operatorname{did}$  it this morning—so that we could see who's coming!"



Sunday Morning.

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AKE an effort, O brother employed in the city, Be it but thy ambition thy health to restore-Thou unwholesome inhaler of atmosphere gritty !-To run down for a month to this heavenly shore. I can promise, poor victim of drudgery fearful, That thy stay shall be one of exceptional glee;

For no spot on this earth is at present more cheerful Than the one where I'm staying—Salvation-on-See!

Even now, as I sit on the jetty in flannels,

On a stool universally christened as "camp,"
I can feel my poor heart, or the blood in its channels,
Leap again at the sound of the mad, merry tramp—
Of the measureless march—of a beautiful army,
Singing hymns with a happy indiff'rence to key,
And I know they are coming on purpose to charm me
In this excellent region, Salvation-on-Sea.

They are coming in thousands, with band and with banner;
In all possible sizes, from child to adult;
And are singing in every conceivable manner
But the one that might lead to a tuneful result!
Couldst thou sit with me now on the jetty and hear them,
I am sure thou wouldst pine from thy work to be free,
That thou mightest, my brother, be constantly near them,
Wheresoever they rove in Salvation-on-Sea.

To appreciate fully the joy of their presence—

To come properly under their influence sweet —

To examine their charm and arrive at its essence,

You must go from your chair to the place where they meet.

It is here where the invalid, fretful and nervous,

Can ere long be endowed with the vigour of three!

It is here you are bound to get well, for they serve us

In so pleasant a way at Salvation-on-Sea!



I can think of no possible species of pleasure

To come up to the one of a place in this band!

It were surely a joy too tremendous to measure

To be given a hundred or so to command!

When I pause to reflect (and I love to reflect it)

That such fortune might happen to you or to me

(For luck often arrives when you never expect it),

I could hug every soul in Salvation-on-Sea!

O to sing as they sing! O to walk in their paces!

O to rave as they rave, and to bawl as they bawl!

O for life everlasting to gaze on those faces,

So completely expressive of nothing at all!

It were peace to which that of the dead is a cypher!

It were rest to which Heav'n is a blossomless tree!

O that Fate might commit me at once to a "lifer"

'Mid the folk of this faultless Salvation-on-Sea!





MR. Bones: "That 'ere gal plays a sight better'n you, Bill!"



## YARNS FROM AN IRONCLAD

No. 2. THE FEAST OF THE DEAD

URING tiffin at the Belle Vue Hotel, which is situated on a small bluff overlooking Nagasaki Harbour, we discussed various suggestions as to how we should spend the remainder of the day. We had the choice of the Bronze Horse Temple, a trip across the water to Tatagama, and a rickshaw party to the Hot Baths inland. Unable to agree, and time being precious, we decided to call the Japanese waiter to settle the momentous question.

He approached us with a sweet and insinuating baby-smile, which at once won our entire confidence. In his broken English, supplemented by honourable epithets directly applied to our names in Japanese, he told us how well he understood our wants, and delivered judgment accordingly. He assured us that "the gods would befriend us," and, before we could insist on a manifestation, added that this day of many days was one that a stranger to his land should not fail to witness.

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It was a day of fête—a day of joyful communion with the departed spirits of the lordly dead.

On the rising slopes of the circling hills beyond, covered with monumental stones, inscribed with countless names, there would be high revel this night; and he pointed out over the verandah to the hills that girded the town landwards.

Through the clear atmosphere we could plainly see that something unusual was taking place. Dark forms flitted about among the graves, busily engaged (as he informed us) in erecting bamboo framework for holding lanterns and decorations. There would be illuminations and fireworks and feasting, lasting well into the night; while the town would empty its people and overflow the graveyards with teeming life.

We all agreed to do the "Sepulchries," blessed the waiter, and ordered coffee. Over our cigarettes, one of our number, who was familiar with the customs of Eastern nations, suggested that we should all wash and be clean before attending a religious festival. So we adjourned at the end of the afternoon to a

native bath-house, a spacious, well-ventilated building, containing large vats some four feet deep, full of running hot or cold water. The floors were of clean, white, smooth wood, with many low-built seats ranged about. The interior was unornamented, save for an occasional slight wooden screen, beautifully fretted and carved.

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All artistic relief was provided by the customers. They brought it with them, carefully wrapped in textile fabrics, until they were well into the building. Then the relief showed forth sculpturesquely, as their garments were cast aside, and women, men, and children formed a startling and varied panorama of moral nudity and dazzling cleanliness.

First we dipped into the hot water until we were boiled and ruddy; then cold water was dashed over us by the athletic bathman, who completed our happiness by well kneading every limb. Having dressed, we skipped out into the street, feeling for all the world like light-hearted gods on an Olympian bank holiday.

The dusk was closing round us as we started hillwards; and as we passed through the wellswept streets, peopled with smiling, toddling beings, dressed in their picturesque and beautifully toned robes, we did as they were doing, and laid in a stock of wonderful fireworks, having been told by our Japanese waiter of the



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Belle Vue that the gods and the dead ancestry would think more of the English people if their representatives on this occasion joined in the general pyrotechnic display. We made rockets a speciality. We felt we should get nearer to the ear of the gods than by the flare and fizz of stationary marvels in gunpowder. The wild anticipations of many fifths of November seemed to inflate our spirits with an infantile joy, and we lifted up our voices in song.

Our companion with a knowledge of Eastern customs, however, remained silent. He looked wise, and finally remarked sarcastically that there was no Oriental calm about our manner. He asked what dead we thought we should cause to rise up and rejoice, but he began to see the exhilaration of the whole thing when a Goliath of a rocket was thrust under his nose, which we assured him was our pet speciality for "raising Cain," at least.

Out from the streets we went, into lanes lit by myriads of fire-flies in the bordering shrubs shrill voiced with

"The Cicala's never-ending song,"

until we came suddenly to the foot of an ascending pathway that led up through the thousands of graves on the hill-side.

To the right, and to the left, and high above, spread the blaze of the many-coloured lantern illuminations, full of novel charm and weird

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effect. The sounds of laughter and the hum of voices floated round us everywhere; while now and again red, green, yellow, and blue fire alternately burst out from various points. The Roman candles, with their rainbow of coloured balls, exploded against the deep indigo of the clear evening sky. Rockets shot upwards, and catherine wheels whirled and fizzed amid a shower of sparks and vivid light, until the bones of the dead must have rattled in a dance of gratified enjoyment.

We looked diligently, but failed to discover a tear anywhere. So we let off three or four crackers, skipping madly around the man of Oriental knowledge, and rejoicing greatly.

Elbowing our way among the good-humoured crowd, we proceeded upwards, and stopped before the entrance of a very prettily got-up family burial place, with a low wall round it, and grey granite upright stones, graven with characters of gold inside. Around it were lanterns gaily hung on bamboos; and in the open space within, a red square rug was spread upon the ground, whereon sat or reclined the living members of the family. Before them were all manner of eatables in lacquer bowls and cups and dishes, and close by, a large, bronze-wrought basin containing wood ashes surmounted by glowing charcoal, stood handy for the repeated lighting of their minutely bowled pipes.

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The family before us was headed by a whitehaired great-grandfather, and tailed off by a chubby, round-faced, smiling boy, with a shaven, circular space on the crown of his raven-locked head.

They all turned and smiled as we approached, and one of the elder men came forward with a grave salutation, and invited us to join them.

As we were presented, they each bade us welcome with a repeated bobbing of the head and a great indrawing of the breath through closely shut teeth.

We soon became the best of friends, and were offered food in abundance. Many of the dishes were excellent. Rice cooked as only the Japanese and Chinese can cook it, weird soups, fish in many forms, edible seaweed, mushrooms, a variety of vegetables, and a marvellous assortment of stewed fruits.

The pièce de resistance (which we could not resist) was a chicken cooked before our eyes, and served hot from the cooking-dish—a delicious palate-tickling production.

We left no remnant of that cooked chicken, the like of which is not found outside the Land of the Rising Sun.

For drink we had saki warmed in white and blue narrow bottles, and having a raw egg shaken up with it.

The way we managed to get our food to our





THE FEAST OF LANTERNS



A MUSÜME.

lips was not quite so skilfully performed as our hosts might have wished.

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We were new to chopsticks, and these chopsticks evidently noticed our verdancy. They grew possessed with unholy life, and carried on in a most ridiculous way. Just as one's mouth watered and yearned to close round a succulent morsel held by great effort, a kind of nervous cramp seized one's fingers. The chopsticks pressed more tightly together, and then with a sudden, spasmodic click, they flew by each other, and flicked the piece of food with great energy and precision of aim, far over the right shoulder.

I decorated some of the granite tombstones behind me very considerably by this means, and made some capital shooting into the hat of the man who knew all about Eastern customs. Two of our hosts spoke English fairly well. The ladies of the party knew a word or two only, so we had to air our best Japanese to talk to them.

It was a limited quantity, that "best" of ours. It just started a sentence, and collapsed, so we had to look the rest of what we wished to say. And those sweet girls bent their lovely necks, indrew their balmy breath, and murmured "He" (yes).

Then their eyes would twinkle, and their small mouths dimple cornerwise into a most bewitching smile, that ended in a half-suppressed giggle.

I thought by this time it would look well to send a communication to their honoured dead beneath us. Accordingly I arranged around the most ancient-looking monument quite a young Crystal Palace fête of fireworks.

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to ead They went off splendidly, and I enjoyed the scene thoroughly, till a big spark flew down my neck and caused me to jump with sudden pain.

Then chaos romped in, and I couldn't say which reached the ears of the dead first, the crack and bang of those erratic crackers, or the merry peals of laughter from the onlookers as I sat on a detached catherine wheel, which fizzed and squirmed for all it was worth.

Presently rescue came; and then those other fellows of ours were a trifle out of the running, and must have wished that sparks had got down their collars too. For I was peacefully seated next to the prettiest of those pretty musûmes, who was sweetly engaged in brushing away with her dainty hand any more sparks that might chance to be lurking on the back of my devoted neck. And she filled and gave me to smoke her own silver-bowled pipe, the mild, fragrant, finely-cut tobacco of which brought much solace to my disturbed soul.

A course of tea in small, but beautiful, kaga cups was then handed round. And then more saki in diminutive eggshell china bowls, in which we pledged each other repeatedly.

Saki is very mild and very soothing—a golden corkscrew of the gods to open bottled-up human sympathies! As we made our adieux, two

servants presented us with those dry eatables we had not completely finished, all carefully done up in two thin wooden boxes, tied with pale pink ribbon.

So we departed.

The man replete with the perfect knowledge of Eastern customs, stepped along with a self-satisfied smile on his lips and a pair of ivory chopsticks protruding from the breast-pocket of his coat; while now and again we could hear him repeating to himself in soulful accents:

" Sayonara! Omassasan! Sayonara!"

YVAN LAYOR.

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# THE VOICE OF YOUR BOSOM FRIEND

BEING A ROUGH ESTIMATION OF .

OM was always very fond of Dick, and Dick of Tom. By road or rail, by land or sea, in ball-room and in billiard-room, they were generally to be found together. They rode together, walked together, fished, shot, and played billiards together; and when Tom lost a "fifty up," Dick would look quite sorry, and when Dick won it, the expression of Tom's countenance would admit of but one interpretation, that being: "My dear Dick, you may not know it, but in beating me at billiards, you hit upon the only efficient method that exists for making me thoroughly happy!" Such was their way—for they were "pals."

And between Madge and Maude there ex-

isted a similar affability of feeling. If Maude, as the delicate phrase goes, "mashed a fellow" (which was not so rare an occurrence as to be absolutely without personal precedent), it was the cue for Madge to set about beating her own and everybody else's record in the matter of looking pleased; and if it was Madge who (pardon me if I make use of the phrase again, but it is really so sweet) " mashed a fellow," Maude, in her turn, would overcrowd her face with amiability to such an unusual extent, as to suggest that, whatever the occasion, or combination of occasions, for rejoicing in store for her-whether it, or they, might even rest with millinery or matrimony-she could never bring herself to smile like that again.

Such was their way—for they were "pals." By one of those happy coincidences, but for which the writer of stories, or of plays, would find it a very troublesome matter indeed to gather together his characters within a radius of easy communication, one with the other, and at the shortest possible notice, the four persons whom this little narrative concerns—to wit, Tom, Dick, Madge, and Maude—all happened to be staying in Brighton at one time, and that time the very identical period which was contemporaneous with such actions on their part as we have selected for remarking upon in these pages. From a chronicler's point of view, there is a significant usefulness about a circumstance

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the ger you bea of Hu like this which is absolutely beyond estimation; and our readers should well be able to understand this to be so when we assure them of the fact that, had these people *not* been in Brighton at the time mentioned, we should have had to go goodness knows where, and spend goodness knows what, in our search for them.

It was a magnificent day, and Brighton was looking its best. Stimulated by a freshness of air which was not that which proceeded from an asthmatical cornet on the sands, whose owner seemed most anxious to let everybody know that Daddy hadn't bought him a bowwow-a very unreasonable complaint to make, seeing that had he been satisfied in his canine wants, the bow-wow, if it had been an animal of average sagacity, would in all probability have bitten its master for making such an infernal noise; stimulated, we repeat, by a freshness of air which, so far from being the product of a decayed cornet, was unmistakably the sweet breath of Heaven, the people of Brighton -at least, such who happened to be of Brighton at that certain period to which we have already referred-were in remarkably good spirits. On the sands, all was sweetness, cheerfulness, and generous enjoyment. Look in what direction you might, the eye was sure to light upon some beautiful and refreshing illustration of the effect of fine weather upon the capacious heart of Humanity. Here it would discover a little

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child, blue-eved and golden-haired, in whom the "electric thrill" of vitality was so strong that (by way, no doubt, of expressing his gratitude for being alive and well) he would ever and anon, when nurse happened to be looking the other way, run merrily up to the basinette occupied by his latest youngest brother-a lump of new-born nothing-in-particular, with flesh whiskers for cheeks, kite-like ears, and a profoundly scientific forehead,-and pull and twist and flatten the baby's nose till it roared again: not, it must be confessed, with laughter. A little farther off, on the right, or on the left, or perhaps in front or behind, the eye, if it wanted yet more conclusive proof that humanity became a much nobler thing under favourable atmospherical conditions, could feast lovingly upon the benevolent head, grown white in the service of morality, of a good old man of the sea, who had fought by the side of every Admiral but the one who had existed at the period of his (the good old man's) service, but who was now reduced-and what a come down, too, for an honest British blue-jacket !--to entering into conversation with credulous cockneys for the scandalous remuneration of about twopence per dozen beastly lies.

It was in such heavenly company as this, where extreme youth and extremer age fought shoulder to shoulder for the possession of guilelessness in its supremacy, that Madge and Maude walked and sat and stood in turns, and at well-calculated intervals looked behind them to make quite sure that no young men were following them, or walking away from them, which latter manœuvre required as much maidenly attention as the former, if not more so.

"I do believe that's Tom-"

"Yes, and that's Dick with him. Let's pretend we don't see them."

And Maude and Madge, with their heads down—a manner of walking which of course was responsible for the very angular alteration in their course—proceeded at a steady pace in the direction of the two young men they didn't want to see.

Two being company and three none, and four just two too many, it was decided, when they had all fairly recovered from the shock of meeting so unexpectedly, that Dick should go one way with Maude, and Tom the other with Madge. And go they did.

"Don't you think we had better be going back to the others now?" suggested Maude, when she and Dick, who were the shy couple, had been revelling in the silence of each other's company for an eternal quarter of an hour.

Dick was quite of her opinion, and so they turned back. On their way, which was not quite the same way they had come by, Dick, who could be sharp when he liked, was the first to notice what a shady and jolly place of rest a

boat made when it stood high up on the beach, without any water round it.

"There's no getting any shade from a boat when it's in the water," remarked Dick philosophically, as he sat down on the sands with his back to the "Mary Jane," and spread out his handkerchief beside him for the reception of Maude.

"No," said Maude, composedly seating herself upon that part of the handkerchief which was not farthest away from Dick. "No, there's not. That is why I always prefer this kind of boating to the other. It is so much safer, isn't it?"

Dick was about to reply, when his ears were attracted by sounds which seemed indicative of the arrival of another couple at the other side of the boat.

"Hush!" he whispered to Maude, who put her ear down very close to Dick's lips, so as not to lose any particle of the thread of his communication. "Hush! I think I can hear Tom and Madge. Yes; that's Tom's voice. Well. that is funny. They've approached the boat from the other direction. Shall I let them know we are here?"

"No; it would be such fun to listen," whispered Maude, archly.

Dick thought so too, and so they listened.



VOICES FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

MADGE'S VOICE: "You two are always about together. I suppose Dick's a very nice fellow, isn't he?"

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Tom's Voice: "Well, yes. I like him well enough, but then, we've been pals for so long, you see, and——" (a pause).

MADGE'S: "And what?"

Tom's: "Well, it's different, you know, when a chap has been pals with another chap for years and years. One hardly likes to express one's candid opinion, you know."

MADGE'S: "But you'll tell me."

Tom's: "Well, I don't mind telling you, because I know you won't repeat it. The fact is, Dick is rather a fool. It's true we get along pretty well—indeed, I think I may say very well—together; but then, you see, Dick's people are not very well off, and—well, you understand: a chap doesn't like to be hard on another chap, especially when he's been to school with him, and all that sort of thing."

MADGE'S: "I see. Then you lend him money?"

Tom's: "No, not that exactly. But we go about together a good deal, and spend a fair amount of money, and Dick hasn't got a fair amount of money to spend, and I——"

MADGE'S: "You pay piper, I suppose?"

Tom's: "Yes; but I don't mind. Dick is such a nice fellow, you know."

### VOICES FROM THIS SIDE.

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DICK'S: "I say, have you seen *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray?* It's awfully good. You should get——"

MAUDE'S: "Be quiet! I want to hear what they're saying. It's getting so awfully interesting."

DICK'S: "Very well, then; only I thought, perhaps, it was getting a bit monotonous, and

## VOICES FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

Tom's: "What sort of girl is Maude?"
MADGE'S: "Well-"

# VOICES FROM THIS SIDE.

MAUDE'S: "I really think we ought to be going now. It's dreadfully late, and I promised mother I should be home to tea at——"

DICK'S: "But wait just five minutes longer.
I'm just beginning ——"

## VOICES FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

Tom's: "Well? and well what? You're a long time making up your mind?"

MADGE'S: "I shan't say anything at all. I've known Maude for ages and ages, and she's never done *me* any harm, and it's not likely I'm going to say nasty things about her now. Besides, I don't believe the nasty things people say about her are true. They were never *quite* 

proved, anyhow, and I think she should have the benefit of the doubt—although I won't say there was much doubt to have the benefit of."

Tom's: "Come, tell me what you mean. I won't breathe a word to a soul, I swear."

MADGE'S: "Well, Maude is such a frightful flirt. She's my best friend, I know, and——"

Enter owner of boat, with beach loafers.

O. OF B.: "Now then, ladies and gents, when you've finished a-using my 'Mary Jane' as a humberbreller, I should like to take 'er for a little trip on the sea, along 'er me. Come on, boys! That's right—shove 'er off in style. Now then, altogether—er—er."

L. G.-T.

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# THE BUTTERFLY AND ARTISTIC MONTHLY

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Edited by L. RAVEN-HILL and ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

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EVERY TUESDAY. ONE PEN





BY MAURICE GREIEFFENHAGES

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# **APAMÉ**

In the second year of the reign of that king or Persia surnamed "The Mighty," this thing befell.

OW the king had a concubine exceeding fair. In all the countries of Persia, of Media, of Egypt, Syria, or Phœnicia, was to be found no woman so beautiful as Apamé, the daughter of Rabsases Themasius.

For her hairs were like the work of the worker in gold-wire; and her voice like the cooing of doves; like unto the eyes of the camelopard were her eyes for blackness and brilliance; and

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her brows were twin arches of carven ebony, spanning the portals of the alabaster House of the Soul. And her cheek was like the blossom of the pomegranate, and her teeth the pearly seeds of the ripe fruit thereof; and her hands and feet were as the flowers of the lotus-lily; and sweet as the fragrance of ambergris was the breath of Apamé. And in her two hands she held the heart of the king—ay, under her feet she set it like unto a crimson footstool.

And the king ruled the world, but Apamé ruled the king.

Now the king had vowed a vow of old time, that when he came to his kingdom, he would build up anew the Temple of Jerusalem, which had lain unfinished since the days of Artaxerxes and Cambyses. And much gold was needed for the work.

And Apamé saw rings of gold and vessels of gold, with jewels of price, and costly garments, being borne from the royal treasury. And she asked the king why this was done.

And the king answered Apamé, and said,—
"Heart of mine, it is that I may keep my vow
in that I swore to rebuild the holy Temple of
Jerusalem, when that I came unto the throne
of Persia."

And she wept and protested, and cried, "Thou lovest me not, that wouldest despoil thyself for Judea. Behold, in all the time thou hast possessed me, I have not received of thee in gifts

one-twentieth of this great sum thou givest."

And she made sore complaint, and loosed her locks that fell about her like a golden mantle, and looked tearfully upon the king, saying again with sobs, "Thou lovest me not."

And the king melted, and said, "That I love thee, the Lord of the light, even the flaming Ruler of the heavens, knoweth. Therefore, take thou the treasure, for thou art dearer even than mine oath to me."

And Apamé caused her servants to bear those riches to a secret place, and she gladdened the heart of the king with her kisses, saying, "Now I know that thou lovest me indeed."

But in a little while came the chief priests and Levites of Jerusalem unto Persia.

And they sought the presence of the king, and bowed themselves before him, and cried,—

"Most mighty, remember the oath which thou didst swear before the days of thy prosperity, and cause to be delivered unto us the treasure which thou hast held back."

And the king was abashed, and went out from before them, even to the chamber of Apamé.

And seeing him moody, she laid her palms upon his eyelids, and drew his head upon her breast, and spake sweet words, so that the sting of the king's dishonour ceased to irk him. And he told her wherefore the priests and Levites were come.

And she said, "What dost thou fear from these?"

And the king answered, "That they should proclaim me a breaker of oaths when they return to their country."

And she laid her lips to his ear, and spake softly, saying, "Need they return?"

And the king said, "Needs they must if no mischance befall them by the way."

And Apamé counselled the king that the ambassadors should be slain; and the king was as wax in her hands; and the thing was done. And no one questioned thereof, for the men of Judea had come secretly to the presence of the king.

Now the heart of Apamé was lifted up with pride, and she grew insolent in the power of her beauty.

And the king made a great feast. And Apamé lay at the right hand of the king, under the canopy, and the princes of Media and Persia did homage to her, as the governors and captains and lieutenants. And these, dazzled by her loveliness, as men who look upon the sun at noonday, cried with one voice and said, "Mighty is the power of the king, but mightier still the beauty of Apamé."

And she said to the king, "Hearest thou? I am greater than thou. Therefore I pray thee set thy crown upon my head, that I be not without the symbol of my sovereignty."



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And the king, being bondslave of her body, did as she bade him, and crowned her with his crown.

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And she said, "Yet am I not satisfied, except thou put into my hand thy sceptre."

And the king gaped upon her because of her loveliness, and gave her the sceptre; and the princes and governors looked one upon another strangely, for the sceptre of the king is sacred.

And Apamé cried yet again: "O King, if thou lovest me, do this other thing I ask of thee. Put off thy kingly robe, and lay it on my shoulders, so shall I be queen indeed of thee and all the world."

And the king yielded, and laid his kingly robe upon her, and she shone in her fairness like the daughter of Mithra, so that those who looked upon her were enthralled, and did her royal homage, whilst the king sat by like one of little note.

And Apamé in her heart, because the king had belittled himself at her bidding, despised him. And she drank of the wine of Shiraz, and mocked him over the goblet's brim. And the king endured it.

And she mocked him a second time over the golden beaker, and he bit his lip till the blood ran down, for he perceived his folly; but he said no word.

And a third time she mocked him, and

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stretched out her hand and plucked one hair forth from the king's beard, and cast it upon the floor.



And the king's countenance became overcast, and he looked upon her piercingly, so that she trembled.

And Apame arose in haste, and took the royal crown from her head, and the royal robe from her shoulders, and laid the sceptre of



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Persia from her hand, and went to the king and knelt before him.

And the king said, "Lo! thou hast been beloved of me, and greatly cherished, and for my favour hast repaid me with mockery and scorn. Therefore kneel not to me, but to thy gods, to whom thou must depart in a little while, for thou hast overpassed my patience."

And Apamé cried, and said, "O mightiest! by how much have I overpassed thy patience?"

And the king said, "By the breadth of an hair."

And she bowed herself, and fell at his feet, and cried, "Lord of the world! and am I then so far beyond pardon?"

And the king answered, "By the length of an hair. Therefore make ready to die. For thou shalt not see the sun rise again, Apamé."

And she dishevelled her locks, and clung about the king's knees and bathed them with her tears, and moaned, "O son of Mithra, forget not our first long kiss of love, and the early days when thou didst take me from my father, and the hour when a new-born babe lay in my bosom, and smiled on thee with eyes that were thine own! Have these things no weight with thee?"

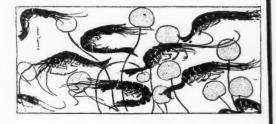
And the king said, "Verily, and ay; and their weight is the weight of an hair."

And he smote his hands together, and his armed men came running to him. And they

slew Apamé with the sword, near to the king's footstool, so that her blood ran down upon the steps of the throne.

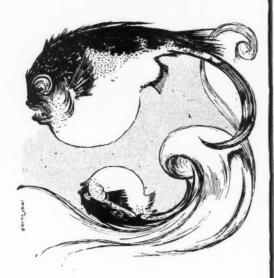
But her body was taken up and embalmed, and laid in the royal sepulchre, because she had borne a son unto the king.

CLO. GRAVES.





"'Tain't fust time as 'ow you've 'andled an oar, sir, I can see."



# THE BUTTER-FLY BALLADS

BY L. GODFREY-TURNER

No. III.

THE LOVER, THE LASS, HER WELL-BRED FATHER, AND THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.

HEN a maid is fair to see,

Certain is it to occur

That some enterprising "he"

Will be found to worship her.

Just as certain is it, too,
Past all possible dispute,
That there'll be another who
Strenuously follows suit.

Thus it was with Mary Ann Gladys Gwendoline de Grey, Daughter of a gentleman Living in a quiet way.

She to look upon was fair—
Fair as any upon earth;

She was courted by a pair—
Gentlemen of common birth.

Now, as probably you know,
Fathers with unmarried girls
Very seldom look below
Rich, if rather ancient, earls:
Wherefore, Mr. John de Grey,
Poor, though very highly bred—
Living in a quiet way—
Wished her pair of lovers dead.

Though we do not find the name (What is History written for?)
In the list of those who came
Over with the Conqueror,
It is true, if books may lack
Proof of John de Grey's descent,
That his people dated back
To that popular event.

Being thus of noble caste,
John de Grey was very proud,
Ever talking of the past
And that king's elastic crowd.
"Mary Ann," he'd often say—
"Gladys Gwendoline, my dear—
Stately child of John de Grey—
You must marry with a peer."

Robert Jones and Harry Brown—
These were Mary's lovers two:
Both were something up in Town,
Earning each a decent screw.
Deep the love of Robert J.
As his hate for Harry B.,
Who, in turn, loved Miss de Grey
In a similar degree.

Now, this child of haughty John,
Notwithstanding her descent,
Did with Robert carry on
To a very great extent.
Once, in fact, we blush to say,
Robert, bold with love's effect,
Kissed the cheek of Miss de Grey,
Who, we're told, did not object!

This, of course, could not be brooked By his rival, Harry B., Who had very meanly looked When intended not to see; And, as actors play the part
When their love has brought them pain,
Harry thumped his blighted heart
Till it throbbed and throbbed again.

Acting on the altered phrase,
All in love or war is fair,
Harry thought for days and days
How to separate the pair.
Till at last, with sudden flash,
To this lover overthrown
Came the way how he could crash
Robert's prospects like his own.

Harry had an apparaTus which photographs would take.
(This he kept, we ought to say,
Merely for amusement's sake.)
With this photograph machine,
Harry hid behind a tree—
Hid where he could not be seen,
Which was mean to a degree.

Just in front of Harry's tree
Stood an ancient rustic seat:
This was where he'd often see
Robert Jones and Mary meet.
This was where, this very day,
Robert Jones and Mary came.
Child of noble John de Grey,
Hear us utter, "Fie for shame!"

First they sat, as lovers do,

Quite apart; the space grew small—
Closed another inch or two—
Then it was not there at all.

After that, as lovers can

(Let us write it down in haste),
Robert—O, abandoned man!—
Put his arm round Mary's waist!

Then it was that Harry B.,
With his photograph machine
(Hidden both behind the tree),
Took a portrait of the scene.
Having finished which with care,
Harry stepped from where he stood,
Showed the photo to the pair,
Asked them if they thought it good.

"Surely"—(with a vicious laugh)—
"Surely you've no fault to find
With my little photograph—
That is how you look behind.
Give the thing to you? Ha, ha!
No, Miss Gwendoline de Grey!
This I've taken for your Pa,
Living in a quiet way!"

Then he sought that father proud, Who was such a noble man: Having doffed his hat and bowed, Harry cringingly began: "May it please you, gracious sir—
Though you tear me limb from limb—
That's a photograph of her,
And a photograph of him.

"As I stood beneath a tree,
Just behind your rustic seat,
I was much upset to see
Mary Ann and Robert meet."
Then, with shocked and humble look,
Harry left the thing behind—
Left the photograph he took
Of a compromising kind.

John de Grey was very cross—
So much so was John de Grey,
That he quite was at a loss
What to do or what to say.
First he sat, and sat, and sat—
Then he sighed, and sighed, and sighed;
Finally, he kicked the cat,
Had a dozen fits, and died.

Mary Ann and Robert Jones,
Let us, in conclusion say,
Did not shock that father's bones
By an early marriage day.
When, however, they were wed,
Bob one morning, up in town,
Called on someone there, and said,
"Thank you, Mr. Harry Brown!"



ETHEL (first visit to the sea): "Mamma! I've caught such a big flea."



"Now, why doant'ee buy two pair? them soles is just the thing for anybody a bit delicate. There's nothing I do like better than three or fower o' they now and then."



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"Von moment! I tink I drop sixpence!"



### "MY FIRST PICTURE"

[I may perhaps venture on a brief explanation of the following contribution. Knowing how keenly the public appreciates an account of the earliest work of our great men, we approached Mr. J. Smith, who has made quite a reputation in Peckham Rye and the neighbourhood, asking him to give us a short account of his first picture, and how it came to be painted. We naturally broached the subject with some hesitation, as we have so frequently heard of the almost painful modesty of our rising young men; but Mr. Smith was good enough to accede to our request at once, and has sent us the following guileless and unassuming letter.—A. G.]

#### My FIRST PICTURE.

NOTE with pleasure the desire of the Editors of THE BUTTERFLY to receive an account of the early work of some really great artist. The selection of myself for this duty I consider to have been exceedingly happy, because, if I may speak candidly, I

suppose I am the only artist in the country who can be said to intelligently appreciate the responsibilities of his profession.

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It is a little difficult for me to decide off-hand what actually was my first picture. The evidences of genius manifested themselves in me very early in life, and I am sometimes disposed to give the place of honour to a delicate little fancy I sketched on the rabbit-hutch with a piece of chalk at the immature age of five. But if we put aside the efforts of mere childhood, I should say that it was not until I was twelve years old that I produced anything that could be fairly called a great picture. I am quite sure of the dates and circumstances at this stage, because I made a careful note of them at the time, anticipating that this inquiry would arise in later years. It was, no doubt, only a boyish effort; but it unquestionably foreshadowed the distinction I have achieved to-day. The picture is in coloured chalks, the foreground consisting of wavy grass which looks so fresh and natural that it is difficult to believe it is not alive. (With a stick of green pencil and a sheet of paper you can make quite a lawn.) Then there is a cow in the background. I remember that, at the time, several of my friends complimented me warmly upon that cow. They said they would never have imagined, without seeing my picture, that a cow could come to look like that. Thus you see, even at an early age, I was the means of imparting instruction to my fellowmen.

I am always very thorough. If when I am working I find I have drawn something incorrectly, I frequently rub it out and draw it over again. This will convey an idea of the extraordinary attention I devote to minute details. I am sometimes asked why it is that I never sell any of my pictures. The fact is that at the present moment art in England is in a sad plight. For years I have advocated the removal from the National Gallery of the so-called "old masters," as they convey a painfully erroneous impression of what art really is. I am eternally protesting in public and private that my pictures represent all the art that there is worth talking about in the country to-day; and I cannot for the life of me understand why the Government does not replace the effete daubs in our national collection (save the mark) with a select number of my most successful works. It is a fact that I do not know an artist to-day whose work will bear any comparison with my own, though, naturally, my native modesty very properly deters me from speaking of my genius with the enthusiasm it merits. I have no doubt that when I am gathered to my fathers, some competent biographer will come forward and do me justice. I suppose, too, that there will be a national subscription, or something of that sort, to crect a monument to me in Trafalgar Square; and as sculpture is in such a bad way in England, I have thought it only fair to myself to prepare my own design for the purpose. I have represented myself as standing on a pedestal thirty feet high, while four angels hover round me whispering inspirations. One of the angels is crowning me with a wreath. I think it will be rather effective; and from inquiries I have made, I find that a striking display of electric light, that will be visible for miles round, can be supplied at a very slight additional cost to the nation.

J. SMITH, 1893.





#### Prologue.

I'VE heard it very generally stated
A work of art's not easy to design;
I think, myself, the task is over-rated,
And give you one or two attempts of mine.

I've always felt the instincts of the painter
Were in me, and but wanted bringing out;
At all events, my efforts can't be quainter
Than some of those which people rave about.

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To study from the life was my ambition;
But models were so dear, I had to stop,
Until (I make in private this admission)
I bought one for three-ha'pence at a shop.

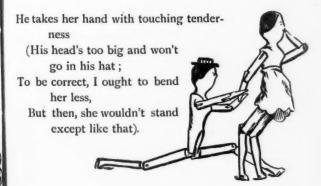


Act I.

Two lovers in a lane you here descry;

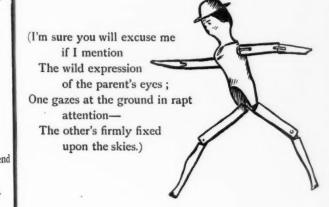
They're murm'ring vows of love that knows no end
(She's got a blob of something in one eye,

And he looks stiff—the model wouldn't bend).



Act II.

I may as well depict the scenes which follow;
Papa breaks in upon them at this point
(Papa, I own, is not quite an Apollo—
The model somehow got all out of joint).





The present scene's not easily depicted
(The model's cast of feature won't adapt);
The youth will very shortly be evicted;
The parent in his grim design is wrapt.

#### Act III.

Perhaps you think the last scene looks unfinished?
Well—so it does; but there's no need to scoff;
I'd got so far—my zeal no whit diminished—
When all at once the model's leg came off!
ROSE CH. DE CRESPIGNY.



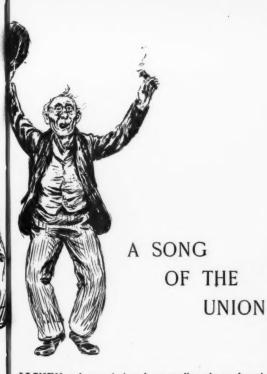


LIEDER OHNE WÖRTE

BY L. RAVEN-HILL

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WHEN rash speculations have swallowed your hoard,
And greetings of friends grow less cheerful;
When all your good fortune has gone by the board,
Don't sit down and sigh and be tearful.
There's one spot on earth where the weary soul rests
With other free souls in communion—
So never say die, boys! but throw out your chests,
And give a big cheer for the Union!

Three cheers for the Union, boys!

Hoo-ray for the Union!

With its shelter for all, irrespective of class,

And its trim suit of grey with the buttons of brass—

Hi, hi, for the Union!

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When age overtakes us and poverty's come,
Why brood over fortune or folly?
Instead of repining, remorseful and glum,
Let's go in "the house" and be jolly!
A fig for the visions of riches gone by,
And similar sentiment silly;
Hurrah, for the plate of parochial pie,
And, likewise, hurrah for the skilly!

Three cheers for the Union, boys!

Hoo-ray for the Union!

With a day out a month, and no money to spend,

But a prospect of something to drink with a friend—

Hi, hi, for the Union!

Oh, what must it be to be there in the fold
With other gay chaps far from youthful;
To read daily papers a month or so old,
And tell of your past tales untruthful!
Your friends who are wealthy may meet a reverse,
Or fail with a swiftness benumbing;
But your situation can never be worse—
Oh, shout for the good time that's coming!

Three cheers for the Union, boys!

Hoo-ray for the Union!

With its screw of tobacco that, once in a way,

They will give you to smoke in your favourite "clay"—

Hi, hi, for the Union!

Collectors of taxes won't trouble us then,
And quarter-day won't seem so frightful;
We'll never again have to dodge brokers' men—
The prospect is quite too delightful!
So give a big cheer for the home of the free
And be it our foremost endeavour,
Whoever we are and where'er we may be,
To stand by the Union for ever!

Three cheers for the Union, boys!

Hoo-ray for the Union!

With its shelter for all, irrespective of class,

And its smart suit of grey with the buttons of brass—

Hi, hi, for the Union!

A. G.



# THE STORY OF MELLOE'S PLAY

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BEFORE opening, in response to the knock, the door of his only room, John Eaker hastily pulled off his overcoat, applied a match to the small quantity of coal and firewood in the grate, and huddled away the remnant of the saveloy on which he had dined. The coal was covered with the dust of days; and a cobweb had festooned itself between the firewood sticks and the side of the grate in a

pitying attempt to persuade John that it was a stove ornament, that it was summer, and that fires were unnecessary.

John arranged his overdone expression of triumphant satisfaction, and threw open the door; and there stood a man fresh from a comfortable meal and without a single shiny seam all over his coat.

"Ah, Melloe, old boy—more flourishing than ever, eh? Come in, my pet of the publishers! I was beginning to think I should never see you again. Sit down—have a cigar? There now—hanged if I haven't run clean out—not a box left—forgot it, you know—so busy!"

It was true; he had run out of cigars; there had been three of them in a dust-covered screw of paper, ready for any emergency like the present: but the landlady's son had sampled them one by one. There was no whisky either: the landlady's son's mother had sampled that away.

"What a lot of stuff you turn out!" said Melloe, glancing at the innumerable rolls of copy littering the table.

Evidently John Eaker was not the only person who turned them out, for they were grubby with the grubbiness of editorial offices; and John hastily stepped between his friend and the table, and furtively arranged them with their cleaner sides towards Melloe, while pretending to search for his pipe.

"I'm sincerely glad you're getting on at last," said Melloe. "I was afraid that——"

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"Getting on? Oh, yes, I'm getting on," said Eaker rather huskily, gazing at the little mirror's reflection of the grey hairs gathering about his temples and the wrinkles at the corners of his mouth.

Melloe was quite glad his friend was getting on; he himself had such a start of him that he could afford to be quite glad without an effort.

"I've been thinking of writing a play," said Eaker, sitting down opposite Melloe; "I've got a rattling idea for a play—best thing I ever thought of! I tell you, I believe there's fame and fortune in it. Splendid plot! I mean to work the thing up; and I'm certain the managers will simply scream for it. I'll tell you the idea—I don't mind telling you, in confidence; for I know I can trust you. Don't breathe a word of it to any living soul, for it won't do to let the idea be cribbed, see? It'll be my last effort, and I shall stand or fall by it; and if it fails it'll be the last straw, and then—and then there's nothing left but—"

He pulled up suddenly; he had been staring into the little fire, and had forgotten Melloe's presence. The secret was out; and Eaker looked up into the other's face and nodded. "Yes, that's how it stands," he said in a broken voice. "For these nine years I have struggled

hard but they won't have me at any price; and this is my last card. Keep it to yourself!"

Then, his eye brightening, Eaker told his friend the idea, and his notion of working it.

"First class!" said Melloe. "By Jove, it's one of the most brilliant things I've ever heard of! Go it, old man; and you'll score!"

"Keep it all to yourself, mind!" said Eaker, as they parted. Melloe did: he kept it all to himself.

Melloe's journey home was a period of desperate struggle with the flesh and the Father of Piracy; for Melloe was the depositary of a piece of property of a value, to a literary man, far above rubies. For the first five minutes of his journey he rejoiced at his struggling friend's good fortune in hitting upon so brilliant an idea; the next five minutes were a period of tumultuous and dazing transition. Eaker had acted with refined cruelty in subjecting an aspiring literary man to the temptation of the baileeship of so enticing a property. Melloe was a fairly successful man; but here, as it were, in his very pocket, was the philosopher's stone which could turn everything to gold,-a fine play.

"Take it—take it—take it!" whispered the Father of Piracy. "Keep it all to yourself. It's often done—often done; nothing in it. He'll find another idea. You're in a position to

get it produced, and he isn't—and you can give him a share of the profits. Keep it all to yourself!" And the following twenty minutes of Melloe's journey were a period of hideous struggle.

The Father of Piracy triumphed. He sent along a theatrical lessee well known to Melloe, to accidentally meet him in the Strand; and these twain had a drink together and a cigar; and the lessee said, "What I want is a really fine stirring two-act comedy with some thrilling interest in it; but I can't get it."

"Look here! I have a splendid idea for such a play," said the Father of Piracy in Melloe's voice. "Shall I work it out roughly and send it to you?"

"You might as well," said the lessee.

The new and original comedy, from the pen of Jacob Melloe, was a magnificent success, and its author was the Man of the Day, and had "interviews" in every London periodical,—in some instances, three of them in one number. He was implored to write articles for magazines on Bimetallism, Horse-racing, The Siberian Lepers, Home Rule, Cholera Microbes, The Construction of Ironclads, The Decadence of English Humour, The Prevention of Wire-drawing in High-pressure Cylinders, and other inviting subjects; and a portrait of



"I have a splendid idea for such a play."

his favourite toothpick appeared in all the illustrated periodicals.

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He was a made man, and commissions for plays, articles, and novels flowed in overwhelmingly upon him; and meanwhile Eaker sat staring into the empty grate, until one day they found him with his little fire gone out too, its feeble spark choked by too much paper—the newspaper containing the report of Melloe's successful first night.

For about a week after this trifling incident, Melloe was not seen by anybody; and when at length some of his acquaintances did see him, he looked haggard.

"Overwork telling upon him," they said.

Melloe tried to drown memory by plunging headlong into the sea of work thrust upon him. He began upon a serial story the plot of which he had had in his note-book for some time. Evidently his ideas were not flowing in a satisfactory and comfortable manner, for he would write a page or two of foolscap, then begin to read it over, and then cross out paragraph after paragraph, until the whole was cancelled. This went on all day, and he rose, passed his hand over his forehead as if puzzled, and tore up all he had written; then he dressed for a banquet given in his honour by his brother literary men, and dined.

After the meal his health was proposed in laudatory terms, and he rose to respond.

He had always enjoyed a ready gift of speech, and was known as a most amusing postprandial orator, and on this occasion he rose primed with a number of happy and pertinent things which had occurred to him that day; and he began.

But gradually the pleasurable expectation on the features of his audience seemed to him to be changing to surprise and puzzlement; the diners looked one at another inquiringly, and some whispered. They were interested, but puzzled; more interested, but still a little puzzled; carried away and absorbed at length; and when he suddenly ceased his flow of ready words and sat down, the burst of applause was tremendous, and he felt he had made a brilliant speech.

It was with much surprise that, turning over the paper next morning for the report of the banquet, he read these words:—

"In responding to the toast of his health, the guest of the evening took a course decidedly original even for so original a genius; in fact, the speech could hardly be described as a 'response' at all. Without a word of allusion to the toast, or even to the occasion, Mr. Melloe launched himself at once into a description of the plot of the play with which his gifted pen has so recently delighted London audiences. Step by step, in eloquent and graphic sentences, he traced the course of the whole play from

the rise of the curtain to the thrilling dénouement upon which it finally falls, completely rivetting his audience by the vivid word-painting which he brought to bear upon each 'situation' in its turn." that

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Melloe dropped the newspaper and passed



his hand across his eyes; he had scarcely taken any wine during the banquet, and had been, as he believed, in full possession of his senses. He had risen primed with a most felicitous speech dealing with the honour done him on that occasion, and his own intention to justify as far as possible by his future work the high compliment of which he could not but feel himself at

that moment all too unworthy—and so on; and he had sat down fully convinced that he had said these very things, and yet here, in plain black and white in this newspaper, were set down words which——

Pooh! The reporter had been drunk—that was all!

Melloe took up another newspaper, and the first thing that caught his eye was an article commencing:—

"A new, and in some respects not undesirable, fashion in after-dinner speeches has been set by Mr. Melloe, the dramatist, to whom we are indebted for one of the most admirable plays of our day——"

Now that article was by a man well known to Melloe—a man who was present at the banquet, and one not given to imagining things which had not happened. "Either I must have been dreaming then, or I must be dreaming now; or I must be mad!" said Melloe, sinking into a chair.

To forget the affair for the time, he plunged again into the serial story which had gone so badly the previous day.

There seemed to be a presence about the room, worrying him in some way; he started and fidgetted, and tried mechanically to wave away something, as if it were a fly; he wrote on and on, never reading a line that he had

(Continued on page 242.)



Host (self-made man, with an occasional yearning for old times): "James! Mr. Oldfellow will take lunch with me to-day, and, as the family is away, I think we'll have just a little cold beef, James—and—and—and—eh, Oldfellow?—and—er—could you get us—h'm, h'm—a few pickled onions?"



JAMES (to sympathising domestics): "And the way them honions kep' a-comin' between me an' the conversation was somethink 'orrid!"

once written; he wrote furiously on and on until five the next morning, when he had done about one-third of the story; then he turned the last sheet face downwards on the top of the rest, and tumbled into bed.

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Next day he again wrote on furiously, still fidgetting, and starting, and waving away the fly as before; and so he worked on with little rest, never reading what he had written, until the tale was finished; and then he rolled it up and posted it to the editor.

About a week after that he called on that editor and said, "How do you like the story?"

"Well, of course," said the editor, "the plot makes an excellent story, as far as that goes; but then, you see, as we've had the play first—"

"What play?" said Melloe.

The editor stared at him and said, "Who are you getting at, old man? Your own play. Eh? 'IVhat has this new story to do with the play?' Well, if the same plot, the same characters with identical names, the same scenes and dialogues and situations, don't constitute a resemblance, why——"

"But," said Melloe, passing his hands all over his head, "this story is about an old miser, and his daughter, and an escaped convict, and all that. That's the story I wrote a week ago and sent to you. There's some hoax. Let me look at the manuscript."

He looked at it. There it was in his own very handwriting; and it was the plot of the play, all over again.

He staggered out, and went and had a brandy and soda, and another, and another; then he went along homewards, fidgetting, and starting, and rubbing his brow, and brushing away the imaginary fly. Homewards-no, it was not homewards: he was moving toward the lodging where Eaker had lived; and before he knew what was happening, he had agreed with the landlady to take the room that had been Eaker's-insisting on having it in the state in which the former occupant had left. it, straw mattress on the floor, patchwork quilt, and all-and had hired a cab in which to fetch his books and writing materials from his house to his new lodging. Then he locked himself in Eaker's former room, and sat down to writesat down as if he were striving to dash out of the place and run away.

Always fidgetting, and starting, and waving away the fly, he wrote furiously at a short story, then an essay, then a piece of verse, then another short story, feverishly covering up what he had written, line by line. As each piece of copy was finished he sent it off to some editor or publisher; and after several days and nights of this, interrupted only by a few fitful dozes and one or two attempts at a meal, he fell down in the corner and slept for twenty-four hours—

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fidgetting, and starting up, and brushing away the fly in his sleep.

Then he arose and went at the play again; and once he cast his eye over a page that he had written, and jumped up and tore the paper into shreds with a yell, and dashed out into the street and into a literary club of which he was a



member. The men there recoiled as he passed among them, he was so haggard and pale; he fell into a chair in a dark corner.

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Several men strolled in and settled down at a table in the bay; two or three of them were editors to whom Melloe had lately sent copy.

"Queer fellow that Melloe is," said one of them.
"He appears to be amusing himself with an elaborate and rather incomprehensible practical joke. He sent Thompson a serial

story which was simply a narrative version of that play of his—identical as to dialogues and all that—and tried to persuade Thompson that it was a new and distinct plot! Now he's sent me an article, with a note which conveys that the article is about the manners of the Georgian era; but the thing hasn't anything whatever to do with the Georgian era,—it's simply the plot of that play of his again a good deal condensed! It actually has the same title as the play, and the same names in it!"

"Why, he has sent *me* a short story; and that's just the same thing as you're describing—that play of his again!" said another man.

Then their voices became lower, so that Melloe could not hear what was said; but presently he heard the words:—

"Poor fellow! I'm afraid it looks like it!"

However, about a dozen editors published these shorter or longer repetitions of Melloe's play in various periodicals, advertising them in big type as new and original work by the gifted dramatist; and, Melloe being the rage just then, the productions were very favourably criticised in the newspapers, each production on its individual merits; and the public read the whole lot, and only a few of them noticed the family likeness.

But after that everything Melloe sent out began to come back to him, with a polite note regretting that the editor could not venture to publish further productions with exactly the same plot and characters, and expressing the wildest desire to receive anything else on a different theme from the author.

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Then Melloe tried to give up writing; but he could not. Day after day and week after week he wrote and wrote and wrote, starting, and fidgetting, and waving away the fly; and everything he wrote was the play again—always the play.

He would get a splendid idea, and sit down to write it; but he would find he was writing the one dreadful play over again, and the new thoughts had vanished; and he would frantically tear up the manuscript.

At length the editors were compelled to ignore the things he sent; but he wrote on.

The little money he had saved had dwindled away; his hair had turned grey; he doddered about the Strand, pouncing upon any stray editor or manager he caught sight of, button-holing him, and commencing in a dazed way: "Got a splendid idea for a story" (or a play). "Tell you the plot of it;" and then would follow the plot of that play.

\* \* \*

It was a year or so after this that a work-house master was telling a curious tale. "We took in a very strange character last week," he said. "A decrepit old man with long white hair. He had evidently seen better days. He begged us to give him nourishment to keep life in him long enough to enable him to finish a play he was writing. He said it was a very fine

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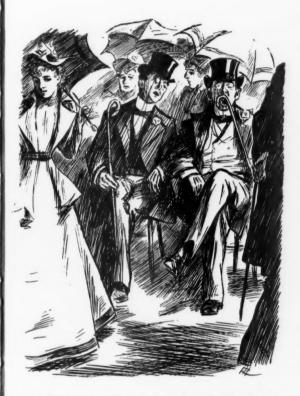
play, and he only wanted to finish it and die. I gave him writing materials, and he scribbled away all day at a tremendous pace. When the time came for bed, he fell on his knees and begged me to let him go on, as he would not live to finish it in the morning. So he went on; and when I went in to look at him at one in the morning, he was just writing the last word. He got hold of my button and drew my ear down to his mouth. 'Splendid idea—fortune in it!' he whispered. Then he sank back; and that was the end of him."

J. F. SULLIVAN.





VENUS AND MARS.
(Revised edition.)



IST EXQUISITE: "Ya-as, dear old chap; I really think I must go to Samoa—lovely country. Only thing to do is lie around, smoke cigarettes, and watch other Johnnies work."

(Fause, while they contemplate Samoan delights.)

2ND EXQUISITE: "Wondah if you have to make the cigawettes yourself?"

IST EXQUISITE: "Ah! thought there must be a drawback somewhere!"



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## THE UNKISSED

A SONGLET OF THE UTTERLY INTENSE

WEET Sweetlet! hear me ever ever calling,
For days long past, for Love that is now dead;
I lay the dust with rain of teardrops falling,
Sad echoes fill the hollow of my head.
You said you loved; yet past the love of sages
Is what and where a woman's heart may be,
And is it tender? Oh! and what its age is.
Yet, Sweetlet, yet, for one thing I thank thee—
For the pulse of a tideless passion
'Mid the wrack of a tortured bliss,
That never had form nor fashion
In that one long Unkissed Kiss!

Loved Lovelet! do you, can you, once for ever Forget the was that never yet has been? From out forgotten shadows who shall sever The yearning years of midnight's moonlit scene? 'Twas there we met! Ah me, 'twas there we parted! I saw you not—you never could see me; For love was blind! and now from Earth departed. Yet, Lovelet, yet, for one thing I thank thee.

For the fierce sweet cry of passion

Grown glad in thy lip's abyss,

That never had form nor fashion

In that one long Unkissed Kiss!

Heart's Heartlet! there are sounds of many waters
That rush to kiss the budding Spring's sweet mouth.
Go seek Earth's sons, and I will seek the Daughters;
If you fly North, then swift I journey South.
We must not meet! Ah no! there is no telling;
For of Fish caught there rests within the Sea
Much finer than have ever left their dwelling.
Yes, Heartlet, yes, will I till Death thank thee—
For the rose-lipped pressure of passion
Bursting open the Gates of Bliss,
That never had form nor fashion
In that Unknown Unkissed Kiss.

W. M.





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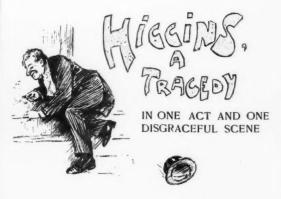
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EDWIN: "Ah! you have never gazed into the stern face of death!"

ANGELINA: "Well, I don't know—you took me for a row yesterday."



T was 2 o'clock in the morning. Mr. John Higgins was sitting in a little heap on the steps of the Alhambra. Mr. Higgins was a respectable inhabitant of Brixton, and quite unaccustomed to this sort of thing. Naturally. And as he sat there he chanted to himself this doleful refrain:—

"We wone go wome t'll morny!
Until ze-breakoday!
Hi! tillyiti, I'm all ri'!
Ra-ra-ra M O O M- shay!"

The sad spectacle of an inhabitant of Brixton in this condition would suggest that some slight accident had happened to him. P.C. Smith on his beat around the square took this view of the matter as he stopped in front of Mr.

Higgins, and tenderly inquired where he had left his nuss.

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Mr. Higgins then rose to reply.

"It's all ri', m'dear boy; I'm shimly waiting here for a lark. 'Ere's a shillin' for yer, ole man. Oh, I'm all ri' nuff. I'm not ezzakly wot you'd call a t-t-t-toler, but cor'sh I know wen to stop . . . ! All ri', ole man, doan polygise. Bin there meself. 'Z I wus sayin', my cousin kem up from the county, shmornin, long ov his wife, 'n I took 'em to ze A-aa-lamry, an' they said, would I have a li'l soming? Well, I'm not zakly wot p-p-p-ple 'd call a t-t-t-toler, but o'coursh I'm very ababs-absemus. 'Ere's a bobby-I mean a bob -fer you, pleeshman. I wuz goin' ter offer it t'yer juss now, but I s'pose musser forgot My cuz'n he's funny sorter chap. When he's firsty he'll have a zrink wiv anyborry; an' when 'e ain't firsty he keeps sum sr-sr-sryoop!!-srimps in his weskit pockit to make him firsty. Less go an' have soming, pleeshman."

P.C. Smith declined indignantly, and spoke ominously of the peril of attempting to bribe the representative of the law. The measure of his indignation will be better appreciated when it is remembered that all the public-houses had been closed for some time.

"All ri', ole fler, nomarrer! Here's a shil'n for you. I've bin intendin' to give ye li'l

soming all 'long. Wunner never thought of it 'fore. 'Z I wuzzer sayn, cuz'n 'n me we went out t'see a man, an' then I went out and seen him by meshelf, and arfwards he gimme two li'l sr-sr-srimps outer his weskit poc-poc-pocky, and then me an' him and the shucker-out went t'gezzer, and he said I was zrung. I'm not zrung! 'Fany man sez I'm zrung, punchisead! I'm not ezzakly what you call a t-t-t-toler, but coursh I know wen 've hadnuff. I was just going back into the A-a-a—hup!—lamry when

he put me up to regler razzle. Doosovalark. Sez he'll lea' me there and go back and tell his mississish-sh 'at he's bin an' lost Beeslylark! Creamer th' me. joke ish I went an' hid somewhere else, and o' coursh they're lookin' for me allovershop. Say, ole fler, washtime? They carn go without me 'cos they want shum relible feller to seemome. Regler razzle, ainit? They musbe 'smad 'sanything 'cos zay carnfine me. But imedamfime goin' to let out where I'me hidin'! Shay, ole man, here's a shil'n for yer. I nearlywen away and forgot it. Regler killin', ainit?"



" Beeslylark!"

P.C. Smith called a cab up from the rank. Then he said, "Ware d'ye live, old 'un?" "Live? Oh, wherediliv? Twensemqeezerobrixon."

"Eh? wotsay? Say it agin."

"Twesebbenquizrobrixn!"

"I say, ole man, can ye spell it?"

"Sp-sp'll it? Wycernly! Quee-zro-bra-ra-a-OOM-shay!"

P.C. Smith then assisted Mr. Higgins into the cab, and got into it after him to hold him down. All being ready, he heaved a sigh, and talking to cabby through the trap-door murmured briefly,—

"Bow Street!"

CURTAIN.

A. G.

THE



# BUTTERFLY

A HUMOROUS AND ARTISTIC MONTHLY

Edited by

L. RAVEN-HILL and

ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

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ANNUM SEPT. 1893

### OCTOBER.

Our next issue will complete the first volume of "THE BUTTERFLY." A very limited number of bound volumes will be on sale October 15th, price six shillings.

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THE FAVOURITE

See page 273



# PACIDEJANUS VICTOR

N the second year of the Emperor Heliogabalus, M. Flaccus Podion was sent Consul to Avenio. For the dignity of his inauguration the Consul ordered a two days' spectacle at the circus, and all the population rejoiced beyond measure. For a week preceding, every naked wall upon the highway had borne the announcements, painted in great



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THE GIFT OF THE CONSUL

characters: car races, with the names of drivers and horses; combats of savage beasts; a grand melée in which panthers, bears, ostriches, wild bulls and sheep, and many other animals were to be slain by the Bestiaries; finally, meetings of gladiators of all orders, with a grand concourse, open to the whole school, for a tray of thirty gold talents; added to this last feature the names of the Consul's private gladiators, whom he had brought with him from Rome.

It was the second and more important day. (The first had been taken up with the weary procession of the simulacra of the gods, and the car races.) Further, it was the fifth hour; the combats of beasts, of second-rate popularity, were over, and all the crowded circus took fresh heart against the dust and the heat in expectation of the gladiators.

The din of the crowd, impatient for the games, was terrific. A gang of slaves, with their mattocks and trucks, were levelling the floor of the arena, turning over the bloody patches and strewing the places with fresh sand.

The Consul and his friends came down to their places among the knights, to the cries of the multitude and clapping of hands. Immediately the machinists of the circus drew back the awning, and in the flood of light which poured in, the fastening of a great tarpaulin suspended aloft being slipped, two thousand live chickens fluttered down,—a present of the Consul to those

who could catch them. This incident gave a pause to the expectation. The fortunate, to enjoy their luck with more comfort, strangled their chickens, and amused themselves by plucking them, until all the air quivered with the floating feathers.

The first blast of trumpets, pierced through by the falsetto of a hundred flutes, brought a dead silence, until the head of the procession appeared, when a yell arose, so violent and sustained, that the trumpets were silenced, and the salutation of the gladiators was completely lost, only the ring of their weapons upon their shields surviving in the tumult.

Indeed their company was dazzling; for each wore his finest and proudest. The brass and gold of their equipments shone bravely in the light let in for that purpose; there were togas and mantles upon their splendid limbs, the gifts of emperors; their plumes were dyed and magnificent. Some carried the palms of earlier victories, thrust through the bucklings of their harness. Podion was not the least eager of the spectators; he loved his gladiators, and pride upon his face drew it down into an expression of contented sullenness.

The mould of the patron's features was closely imitated by the gladiators, with something added of deep contempt for all but the trade of arms. This last maddened the spectators with admiration, and the note of the



COMBAT BETWEEN A BESTIARY AND A PANTHER TIED TO A BULL



COMBAT BETWEEN A RETIARY AND A MYRMILLON

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public acclamation grew perceptibly hoarser. On all hands women dropped in swoons; the



COMBAT BETWEEN ELEPHANTS

agitation of these was not less than if all Olympus had walked into the arena.

Retiaries, swarth and bareheaded, carried nets or lassoes, and their long tridents; their legs were bound about with thongs, and they had no armour beyond a metal sleeve on the left arm, joined to an epaulet in the shape of a They carried a fish as their emblem. Gauls and Myrmillons were cased in steel from head to foot. The Samnites, finest and bravest of all, bore the great oblong shield; the plumes of their helmets were more gorgeous than any; the sword-arm of the Samnite was protected by a brass sleeve and his left leg by a metal greave; their tunics were white or coloured, according to the wearer's fancy, and at their waists hung the short sword, the darling weapon of the lists. The Thracians, with their little round bucklers, were armed with a sabre, and lightly but almost completely covered with There were many varieties beside, mailed and weaponed after the fashions of different races. Last came the novices and bestiaries. Some proffered their swords to the Consul for examination, but with a gesture he declared himself satisfied with their sharpness.

The school broke into two opposed armies, and volleys of blunted javelins were exchanged. Then came a mimic onset, all the combatants advancing with serious arms. They separated into groups, such as were popular: Samnite against Thracian, Retiaries poising their nets for flight, to inveigle crouching and evasive Myrmillons and spit them with their tridents.

Till at length came the time for the pairs to contend. The twenty-four combatants were partly volunteers and partly chosen by lot from



THE DEATH STROKE

the school. Each pair in like manner was arranged by election or lot. The fighting began.

In their gallery, where they rested and refreshed themselves, the gladiators heard the cries of the arena; but they gave no heed, lying silent on the stone benches, despising equally Consul and populace, success or defeat, sullen even more than ordinarily, from the excesses of the gladiators' feast overnight. Now and then a casual remark would pass: "Triumphus is down," as the shouting furnished an indication, but nothing more.

Apollodorus and his younger brother Pacidejanus were fencing with simple staves before a small knot of their companions; for his weapons were only delivered to the gladiator as he entered the arena. They were Gauls of the Lower Rhine, and beyond comparison the most redoubtable of all the school. Each had a great renown in Rome; only extreme devotion to their patron had brought them so far from the theatre of their triumphs.

Apollodorus was drawn for the fourth contest: his rival was a Thracian of the Avenio school, himself was of the Samnite order. The fight was not a long one, for he was valiant and adroit. The public, provincials that they were, had spared the defeated, who was terribly maimed. Apollodorus returned to the gladiators' gallery, indifferent, with his oakleaf crown

about his casque, asking an unguent for his



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EXIT



THE GLADIATORS' GALLERY

wrist; he knew he would be drawn again, curse the provincials! Pacidejanus thought his turn would never come. It came ninth—against a miserable Retiary. The Consul, delivering the palm to him, detained Pacidejanus, bidding him sit at his feet. The circus demanded Pacidejanus against the next victor, as the first number for the concourse. Favourite as he was, the opponent showed so little relish for the



THE SALUTATION TO MARS

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combat, that angry cries arose on every side: "The scourge! the scourge! the iron!" As he fell before the Gaul, almost before he touched the ground, "Kill! kill!" cut the air; the inverted forefinger of the Consul sealed his sight The public were mad between anger at the defeat of the home school (setting aside the wagers lost) and admiration of the Gaul. And their exasperation passed all when Pacidejanus maintained his victory doubly, defeating the surviving champion of the last two sets. They were intoxicated, delirious; the shouts resolving themselves at length into a monotonous chorus of Pacidejanus Victor, intoned as commonly in the arena over and over again; with never a cheer for the dead as they were whisked away through the Door of Death. Here and there, while Pacidejanus was receiving the compliments of the Consul, was heard, "The tray! the tray!" But this cry was immediately answered by demands for the combat between the champion and Apollodorus. This intention of the public was so determined that, in the impossibility of declining it, the unfortunate brothers presently stood face to face in a silence of death. Neither heard the blare of trumpet and the shriek of flutes; only the silence, the silence which for the brother would never be broken again. There was no escape; there was no refusing the beck of the goddess. A little fencing, the blow aimed to be guarded

for a moment's indulgence of his brother's living face, and Apollodorus launched the thrust only Pacidejanus in the world could sometimes guard. He guarded it; and returning it at once, sheathed his sword in his brother's throat.

The conqueror was dazed at what he had done. Mechanically he lifted shield and glaive to Mars to the height of his head. Mechanically lowering his arms, he walked down to salute his patron, and began the circuit of the arena. Unseen by him came the negroes with their tackle, masked with the mask of the God of Hell, with Charon, bearing the red-hot iron, to be sure the fallen was dead.

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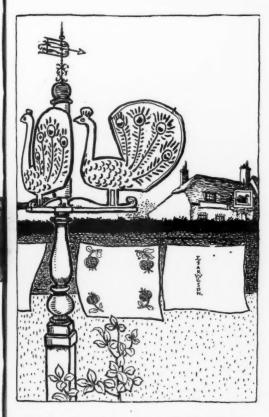
he us. ed inace are the uld pe; ess. ded. Pacidejanus came back to the centre of the lists, and, throwing down his heavy shield, with his left hand caressed the muscles of his sword arm, as without insolence a gladiator may who has no peer.

JOHN GRAY.



SEPTEMBER

BY OSCAR ECKHARDT



## TO MY GARDEN

HAVE a little garden, in
The suburbs of the city,
Away from all the noise and din
And air besmoked and gritty.



I love to sit at eventide, With gentle zephyrs blown Among the weeds on every In sweet profusion growing 11

A

The soil consists of mud and clay—
Especially the latter—
With here and there perchance a stray
Tomato can—no matter!

I've sown a dozen kinds of s And find with all my labo That I have only helped to The chickens of my neigh

There, in that heap of stony mould,
A rose-bush lingers sadly,—
I think it must have got a cold,
And got it pretty badly.



I brought a creeper home with glee,
And in the earth I set it;
And then the cat next door but three
Came round one night and ate it.

ring.

Oh, Fate, thou mayst some future day
See fit my lot to harden;
But grant me this—don't take away
My lovely little garden!

A. G.



# THE SCIENCE OF SENTIMENT. SHOW-ING HOW THOSE THAT UNDERSTAND IT CAN GENERALLY GET THE BEST OF IT

FOR EXAMPLE, WE GIVE HEREUNDER WHAT THE SCIENTIFIC LOVER'S REPLY SHOULD BE TO THE GIRL WHO HAS JILTED HIM:—

S. L. (with bent head, cracked voice, and altogether a broken look about him; his hands engaged screwing up his hat, an action carrying with it the best possible evidence of blind, unselfish devotion):—

I.

" AND so the truth is spoken out at last!"

(If you are standing near the door when you say this, change over to the window for the next line, or vice versâ. A sorrowful walk across the room, as if you were following your own funeral with natural reluctance but enforced resignation, will often carry great weight in a matter of this kind. Care should be taken, however, not to tread on the new kitten or kittens in your walk. Many

a good effect has been spoiled by such a ridiculous error—and many a good kitten too.)

"Ah, well! I am the same, and you have changed!
'Tis an old tale—I've read it in the past:

We love and lose! The world is well-arranged!'

(very sarcastically.)

### II.

S. L. (continuing: wrenching pair of worked slippers from his coat-tail pocket):—

"Here is your present; you'd forgotten it?
Another proof your mem'ry is but poor!.
The woolwork, like your heart, has changed a bit
Since our last meeting by the big front door!"

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This touching allusion to the old parting-place ought to do no end of good: if it doesn't, proceed with—

### III.

(In a tone of suddenly uncorked insanity) :-

"I saw you at the Jones's ball last night, Dancing the polka with another man; Purposely keeping just within my sight— Hopping as only such a woman can!"

You needn't be afraid of this offending her. A girl likes to be called a woman, and loves to be thought a flirt. Get on to the fourth verse now while the mad fit lasts:—

### IV.

"You knew it maddened me—you knew full well,
Or thought you knew, you'd bring me to your side,
So that the curious world might see and tell
I was a fool, for all my seeming pride!"

The world may know and care as little about you and your love affairs as it cares and knows about the dance at Jones's, but that should not deter you from dragging it into the argument as a deeply interested party.

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### V.

(Moving towards door)-

"No; there is nothing more I have to say,
And you have nought. Then let us part as friends.

That, I think, is quite the usual way

When faith is broken and when flirting ends.!"

March gracefully from the room, breathing hard; pause in the hall—then return, pulling in a huge portmanteau, which you place at (not on) her feet.

### VI.

"Before I go, take these (I'll keep the slippers)—

Letters are worthless when the heart grows chill!"

Be careful not to say "feet" for "heart" here. Her thoughts would naturally travel to the interior of your boots, and that would destroy all the romantic feeling you may have built up in her. (With great effort and emotion)-

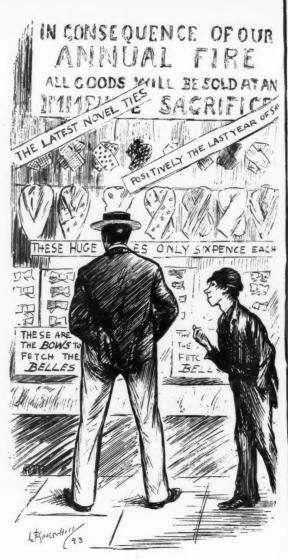
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"Good-bye! I join a company of trippers
To AFRICA to-night! I love you still!"

Rush for the handle of the street door; and if she is not there first to prevent you from turning it—well, you will not have followed our instructions properly!

L. G.-T.





### UNSOLICITED ADVICE

"Take my tip, guv'nor, and choose that there green 'un with the yaller spots."



HE: "You remember last year you wrote to me three times for money. Now, you mustn't do that this time."

SHE: "I won't, dear—I'll telegraph."



### THE METAMORPHOSIS

HE heroine of this simple lay
Has been, since Monday, blithe and gay,
And in a wild and roystering way
Enjoyed herself at Margate.
On sands, and fort, and esplanade,
Such tomboy pranks she's daily played,
The God of Mirth has surely made
Her heart his constant target!

Of countless beaux the hearts she's won, And, underneath the broiling sun, She's flirted with them, all for fun, Until those hearts she's shattered.





The generous wine she's ceaseless sipped,
Thrice daily in the brine she's dipped,
With gallant swains in boats she's tripped,
And laughed, and joked, and chattered!

But Saturn's afternoon has come,
And on the pier, demure and dumb,
She stands alone, and sucks her thumb,
A shy, shy dame appearing.
And what the wondrous change may mean

And what the wondrous change may mean We wonder, till this fact we glean—
From London, o'er the blue waves' sheen,
The Husbands' Boat is nearing!





A STUDY

BY A. BESNARD

JEaren H "



Mr. Jeremiah Builder: "Rachel! ven that boy vas ter-ven vun, I take him into partnership!"



IST PARSON (who finds that the salad dressing has been upset all over a very carefully considered luncheon): "I wish we had a layman with us to make a few appropriate remarks."



HE: "It's no use reckoning up the stones now, my dear You've got your husband, and the question's settled."

SHE: "Who knows? I may be a widow, some day!"



IST GAMEKEEPER: "It's 'ot, Willum, I grant yer, but we be safe."



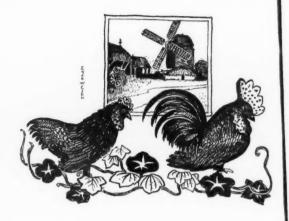
A CRISIS

Waiter: "Gentlemens! gentlemens! you vill wake ze Gorgonzola!"



THE ENTR'ACTE

BY OSCAR ECKHARDT



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## ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

E were sitting in the office, humbly discharging our duty to the public, when a stranger was announced. This is usually the case when you are rather pressed for time, and the printers are sarcastically urging that they would like to get the next number out during the current year, if convenient.

The stranger came in. A middle-aged man in sober black, who might have been anything from a missionary to an undertaker. He bowed and said: "The editors, I believe, gentlemen."

I assured him that so far he had contrived to handle the facts with considerable success. Then I said affably:—

"Is there anything we can do for you? Callers are always welcome about press-time. We don't have anything to do here except sit down and entertain strangers."

Our visitor remarked that he thought it was very nice of us. Without beating about the bush, he said he would like to give us the benefit of a few ideas he had got for improving the condition of the brute creation. This is what he told us:—

"I came down here, gentlemen, by omnibus. I paid threepence for what I believe is only a penny fare. The policeman told me there was no remedy. But why should I dwell on my private wrongs while the poor brute creation on every side is pleading with dumb eloquence for some one to proclaim their sufferings? As I sat on that omnibus in the broiling sun, gentlemen, one of the poor dear horses suddenly reeled and fell. A gentleman beside me expressed the opinion that the unfortunate brute had been Here at your very doors, gentlemen, is an example of the evil I propose in the name of humanity to remedy, once and for all. I have made this subject my particular study, and I speak with the confidence of experience. I say that no time should be lost in providing these poor horses with adequate protection. A simple sun-bonnet fastened with strings over the poor creatures' ears would prevent disasters of this kind; and I am sure you will understand how admirably it would improve the horse's

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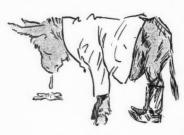
personal appearance in each case. I have tried a variety of experiments in this direction with marked success. Who that has ever been in the country has not noticed how much these poor horses suffer from the cruelty of flies at this season? Gentlemen, I live in the country. My first attempts were made upon a donkey that I keep in my meadow. The sympathy that exists between that donkey and myself I need not detail here. I will only say that I noticed for some time with an aching heart how helplessly the poor brute wrestled day by day with the flies that looked to him for their afternoon meal. At last I could stand it no longer. I took an

old coat that I used to wear in the house, and tried it on him. It answered admirably. His fore-legs fitted into those coat-sleeves as if they had been made for him; and when the coat was buttoned round his chest, he looked simply irresistible. For his hind-legs I procured a pair of top-boots, in which he now feels perfectly at home. I will not disguise from you that we had a little difficulty at first in persuading the poor creature to accept the altered conditions. I don't know whether either of you gentlemen has ever tried to get a pair of top-boots on the hind legs of a full-grown donkey——"



"Well," I said, "we've been so very busy with other things, you see, that——"

"Quite so," the stranger continued solemnly. "However, we succeeded at last. It took four of us to do it; and then we had to give the donkey chloroform. The other three of us are still in the hospital. But what a glorious triumph in the name of humanity! There are no flies on that donkey now, gentlemen! The



next subject to which I devoted my attention was a cow. I have seen cows half-distracted with these worrying flies, and I felt it was time to put a stop to it. I had no coat in my ward-

robe that would fit our cow; and after several days of deep reflection I came to the conclusion that the best way to help the cow would be to render more formidable the weapon of defence nature has already given her. But there was another consideration. It would be quite contrary to the spirit of humanity to aid and abet a cow in destroying life, even if the life was only that of a fly. I came to the conclusion that a large bladder of sausage shape would give the cow an effective reach with her tail without hurting the poor flies to any sinful ex-This was my first failure so far. the bladder was affixed to the cow's tail it showed a tendency to soar, and naturally enough that make an with men intecre

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took the cow's tail up with it. When I saw that poor cow backing round the meadow and making frenzied attempts to kick the fun out of an imaginary practical joker who was fooling with her tail, it brought tears to my eyes, gentlemen. But I was not daunted. My intense sympathy with the brute creation urged me to persevere. I will not dwell upon my other failures in this case. Let it suffice that I succeeded at last. I made a large boxing-glove, which I fitted on to

triumph. It makes me smile to stand in the meadow on fine afternoons and see that cow playfully punching aggressive flies in the back, and forcing them humanely over the ropes—if I may use a technical expression, gentlemen. It is true it was a little awkward at first for our man when he went milking; but our present milkman is a bit of a boxer himself, and doesn't mind the excitement.

the cow's tail. It was an absolute

"I'm afraid I've detained you, gentlemen, but the sufferings of the dumb creation must be no longer ignored. I want to see my own experiments tried everywhere. I shall be most happy to advise in any cases of extreme difficulty. Good-morning, gentlemen."

The stranger then rose to depart. As he was leaving, he said that he was now perfecting a scheme to supply partridges and other game

with bullet-proof jackets, and that when he had succeeded he would come and explain the invention fully. If he does, we really can't be answerable for the consequences.

A. G.





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## THE BUTTERFLY BALLADS

By L. GODFREY-TURNER

## DUTY'S CALL:

BEING MERELY A DREAM OF ITS FUTURE EFFECT UPON OUR ARMY AND NAVY.

THE Nation in need of her soldiers stood:

Dame Duty observed the need,

And off she went

To the soldier's tent

At the top of her possible speed.

Light-hearted and hopeful, she uttered with glee,

"I must call out brave Atkins; he'll listen to me."

The soldier asleep on his pallet lay:
Dame Duty aroused him quick.
"Staunch lad," she said,
"Get up from your bed,

For the enemy's savage and thick; Haste away with your sword, that so many hath slain." And the soldier but yawned, and then slumbered again.

Dame Duty aroused him and shook him well—
"You're dreaming, my man, away!
The nation's land
Must in peril stand,
While you sleep in your dulness to-day!
Come away to the wars, while the injury's green,

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The soldier sat up at the Queen's fair name,
A twinkle was in his eye,
A curl on his lip
As he took a sip
At his beer which was standing by;

For the sake of your country, the love of your Queen!"

At his beer which was standing by; And turning to Duty, who stood near the bed, He lighted his clay, took a puff, and then said,—

"It's little I knows of the Queen, my dear,
And it's less that she knows of me,
And I'll be fried
If I take her side
In these quarrellings over the sea!
I've quite enough battles to fight of my own,
Her Majesty's squabbles abroad let alone!"

The colour uprose in Dame Duty's cheeks,

The red of the coat he wore

Was put to shame

By the blush that came

To her cheeks, for the manner he bore.

"I will go to my sailor-lad, ready and true!"

And the soldier, resuming his slumber, yawned "Do."

She boarded the vessel and sought his berth,
And found him a snoring heap.

"Good God!" she cried,
As she tried and tried
To awaken the lad from his sleep.

"Is it thus you are dozing, like sun-dazzled cats!"
And the sailor, half sleeping, half waking, said "Rats!"

She stirred him again, and he sat upright,
And stared a defiant stare.

"Miss Wot's-yer-name,"
He said to the Dame
Who in sadness was lingering there—

"You're a straight-sailing, trim-lookin' woman, that's true,
But I'd much rather foller another than you!

"I follered yer once, and I shan't forgit
What a 'orrible time I 'ad.
The rum wus ale,
And the tommy stale,—
Ay! the meat (what there wus on it) bad.
Anyways, what I 'ad wus uncommonly salt,
And the spuds (when we saw 'em) wus cooked to a fault.

"I knows what you'll say—that my life ain't mine,
But the property of the Queen.

That's all my eye;

For why should I fly

For a lady I've never once seen,

For a lady I've never once seen, Here and there in the riggin', high over the deck, At the himminent 'azard of breakin' my neck?"

The sailor then did as his pal had done,
And turned on his arm and slept;
While, in disgrace,
With hands to her face,
Slighted Duty right heartily wept.
But there were not the causes to weep as there seem,
For I'm happy to say it was only a dream!

## A "NOVEL" ADVERTISEMENT

[AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The head of a well-known manufacturing firm has commissioned a leading literary light to write a thrilling-novel for him, every alternate page of the printed book to bear the firm's advertisement. The said light is getting along like a house on fire, and the first four chapters of his masterpiece are here given.]

#### CHAPTER I

#### A DREAM OF DEATH

ERBERT JACKSON, the gardener at Spicely Hall, sat in his cottage, reading a back number of the *Journal of Horticulture*. His lovely wife, Annie, lay in a calm and beautiful slumber on the sofa.

Herbert had no exact idea of the time, as he had broken the main-spring of his watch, and the fine old eight-day clock, that had been in his family for three generations, was in pawn; but, according to the village St. Paul's Cathedral, it was sixteen minutes to twelve on the

night of the 18th December, in a year of grace that shall be numberless.

Suddenly Mrs. Herbert Jackson sprang up with a terrific shriek, and Herbert, rushing to her side, asked tenderly what in thunder was the matter with her.

"Oh, darling!" was the trembling reply, "I have had such a hideous dream. Dream! It seemed scarcely a dream at all. It was more like an awful reality. Angels transformed into devils; innocent girls into furies; women dying of ghastly wounds; and horrid things—vampires and dragons and harpies—drinking their blood. I saw streams of gore, seas, oceans of it! And, oh! it was so real that I feel sure there will be foul murder done somewhere near us before morning. Tell me, Herbert Jackson!"—in a horrified whisper,—"tell me! have you ever taken a human life?"

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"Heaven forbid!" murmured Herbert; but bloodguiltiness was written on his countenance; and 'twas plain to see that he lied. "Come, dear, you are suffering from a nervous attack. Let me soothe you by giving you

# SEVENTEEN BREAKFAST-CUPS OF COCOA MADE FROM ONE OF FIZZLEPIG'S HALFPENNY PACKETS."

(Please turn over very quickly.)

#### CHAPTER II

## THE COMELY CORPSE

HARDLY had Mrs. Jackson yielded her assent to the very sensible proposition of her husband, ere they were both startled by a dull, sickening thud in the porch, as of a body falling heavily against the door.

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"Whatever is that, Herbert?" inquired the matron with another shudder.

"Some of the village lads larking, I dare say. I'll open the door and see."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Annie; "cannot you hear some one groaning?" and having, with true womanly instinct, banished every vestige of her erstwhile nervousness, she dashed past her husband and flung open the door. Then she bent over a female form stretched helpless in the porch, and pityingly turned to the light a face that was beautiful to look upon. Beautiful in its perfect contours, beautiful in its queenly delicacy; but beautiful now with the bloodless beauty of death.

"Alas! alas!" cried the gardener's Old Dutch, with another paroxysm of terror, "the poor creature will never more

USE FIZZLEPIG'S COMPLEXION POWDER,"

#### CHAPTER III

## A GRUESOME GRAVE

'TIS midnight in England everywhere, but, within the gipsies' tent on Spicely Common, midnight exceedingly. For two brawny descendants of Meg Merrilies, yclept Soapy Sam and Dirty Dick, divested of their coats, are digging in mysterious silence, by the light of a farthing dip, a deep, deep hole in the ground; a cavity evidently intended for the reception of the stout iron box which stands hard by.

Outside the tent, twelve huge bulldogs are keeping watch and ward. Within, a greybearded beldame, great-grandmother to the two ruffians, stands by the door, and in her fierce looks, as well as in her wielding of a carving-knife, at a time when the Sunday dinner yet looms on the distant horizon, we read sudden and pitiless death to any unwarranted intruder.

But the box—the weird, grotesque, mysterious nay, horror-laden box—what of the box? Drips not the red blood from its handles? Quivers it not as if some poor mortal were suffering the death-throes within it? See we not, as Soapy Sam slowly uplifts the lid, the mangled form of a once handsome——?

But we anticipate. Let the reader follow the course of our narrative, and the mystery of the

iron box will be revealed. Yea, we would not shrink from our task were it even a box of

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## FIZZLEPIG'S STOMACH PILLS, INVALUABLE TO DYSPEPTICS.

WORTH TWENTY GUINEAS A BOX!

#### CHAPTER IV

## BROUGHT TO BAY

THE Assize Court at Spicely was filled to repletion.

A gentleman was to be tried for the wilful murder of Miss E. J. Spicely, at or about 11.55 p.m. on the 18th of December in the previous year.

We say a gentleman, because the prisoner at the time of his capture had been so emaciated and seedy, that not even the oldest inhabitant could distinguish whether he was Herbert Jackson or Soapy Sam.

Whichever he was, the other was missing from Spicely; but that fact, being foreign to our story, need not be chronicled.

The proceedings in court were of a purely formal and categorical nature, until the harrow-

ing moment when the party who is paid for making disagreeable remarks took occasion to unceremoniously hurl the following words at the head of the ambiguous individual who was being tried for his life.

"Prisoner at the bar, are you guilty or not guilty?"

This unexpected question so bewildered the unknown that he would have fallen, had he not been sustained by conscious innocence and twelve policemen. As it was, his wits went a wool-gathering, and he murmured sadly, vaguely, dreamily,—

"Bar! bar! bar! What bar?"

"Why," roared the infuriated judge, "bar of

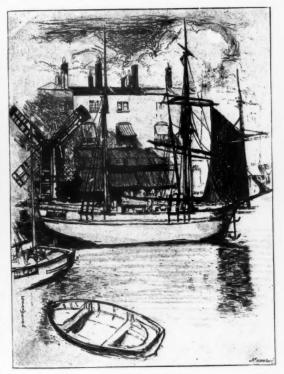
## FIZZLEPIG'S SOAP,

CHEAP AND GOOD. IF YOU HAVE
NEVER WASHED YOUR FACE
WITH IT, GO HOME AND
DO SO AT ONCE!"

WM. EDMONDSON.



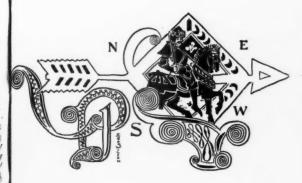
ELDERLY M.D. TO BROTHER PRACTITIONER: "My dear boy, I've been looking for you everywhere; you must come and be introduced to Miss Smith,—she has the most perfect vaccination marks I have ever seen!"



RAMSGATE HARBOUR

FROM AN ETCHING BY EDGAR WILSON





## "LET US BE FRIENDS"

ARIE, come here; I have something to say to you—
Something in answer to what you have said;—
No, I've no compliments empty to pay to you,
E'en though you deem me extremely ill-bred.
"Let us be friends," were your words when I swore to you
How I adored you. Yes—"Let us be friends."
Hear me explain—if I am not a bore to you—

How such a settlement commonly ends.

First, the beginning. "He" entertains love for you—
"He" who you've said must be "friend, nothing more";
"He" is permitted to button your glove for you,
Missing the button-holes twenty times o'er!

"He" can do this, for "He's" merely a friend to you!

That is, of course, quite an understood thing!

Flowers "He" "Il give to you, sweets "He" will send to you—

Claiming your words for his sheltering wing!

What of the other—the man you've refused him for?

What does he say to the "friendship" he sees?

Does he not find what a fool you have used him for?

What does he think of your friend, if you please?

"Friends such as this can't to happiness carry you;"

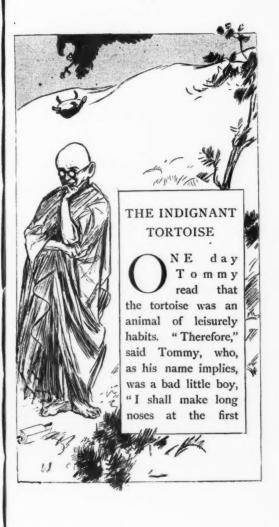
That's what he thinks, and his love for you ends!

Marie, come here: if you want him to marry you,

Please do not say to me, "Let us be friends!"

L. G.-T.





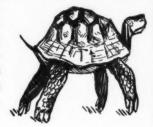
tortoise I meet"—thinking that he could do so with impunity. And he went out to find a tortoise.

Now, had he continued his studies, he would have learned that once, when a worthy but bald philosopher happened to get in the way of one of these interesting creatures, he was at once dropped upon by it; although it is true that the tortoise was somewhat assisted in this feat by an eagle, who was taking it by a short cut to a higher sphere of existence. And he would have remarked how strange a thing is truth.



So when Tommy met a tortoise, he was un-

seemly in his behaviour towards it. But the benign animal, raising itself to its full height, glared crosswise upon



him, and came towards him with so terrible an aspect that Tommy's heart sank, and he fled incontinently, calling for his maternal parent.

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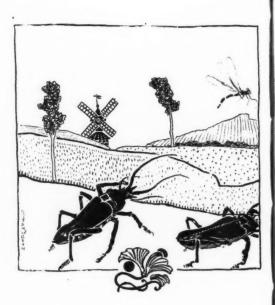
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Although a stern chase is proverbially a long chase, the tortoise nevertheless gained somewhat rapidly upon Tommy, who, realizing that escape was well-nigh impossible, bethought him of climbing a tree, and, nerved by his desperate condition, did so with much speed. On reaching the topmost bough, he looked down and beheld with horror that, urged by the desire of vengeance, the tortoise was swiftly ascending the tree-was even at this moment but a few feet below him! With the energy of despair he seized a neighbouring bough and slid to the ground, but no sooner had he arrived there than the tortoise-which was a well-read tortoise, and was, in point of fact, distantly related to the tortoise mentioned in Tommy's book, and therefore had a precedent for the action it was about to take—grasped the situation instead of the bough that it had hitherto held, and fell swiftly upon the head of the bawling Tommy, with the smile of a much-injured person performing a duty.

#### MORAL.

In reading a book, do not pick out little bits and skip the rest.



## BUTTERFLY

S

A HUMOROUS AND ARTISTIC MONTHLY

Edited by

L. RAVEN-HILL and

ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

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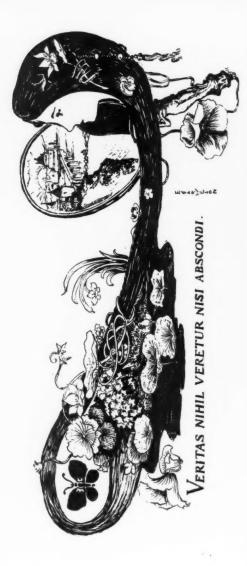
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## THE BUTTERFLY BALLADS

By L. Godfrey-Turner

## A LOST FACULTY:

BEING THE BALLAD OF THE BUMP OF CHARITY

NCE upon an olden day,

Lived there in an olden village,
In an olden-fashioned way,

Tending to his pigs and tillage,

One whose charity was such

That he knew no moderation,
Even giving much too much

To his poorest blood-relation.

Open-hearted, open-soul'd,
Ruddy, round, and glad of feature,
What to him was filthy gold?
(Silly, innocent old creature!)
Was there not the rising sun?
('Tis no public-house allusion:)
Was there not the setting one?
Here was treasure by the ton,
Gold in heavenly profusion!

Just to prove to all of you

That it was as we have stated—
That his charity he threw
Widely as the morning dew;
Just to prove that this was true,
Not a bit exaggerated:—
You had but to ask him, "Pray
Let me have the time of day?"
And he would at once caress you,
Giving watch and seals away
With a "Here you are, and bless you!"

Thus, contented with his lot (Or with giving it to others— Whom, he did not care a jot:



"One whose charity was such That he knew no moderation."

Perfect strangers' crippled mothers, Sisters, husbands, fathers, brothers)-Thus he lived, beloved by all, Praised, invited out, and petted; Till one day there did befall Something which was much regretted,



Smiling at the barber's Which was tearing up his

While the man his head was shaving:

As the razor roamed his head.

Mowing here and there a stump off,

All at once it halted dead, Cutting a tremendous bump off!

Rose he gravely from his seat, Lowered was his brow and wrinkled; Made he quickly for the street Where his gold had often tinkled, Danced, as it was freely sprinkled!

Meanness now was in his eye,
Walked he with suspicious hurry,
Passing every beggar by
With a surly "No, not I!"
Or a "Go away: don't worry."

Neighbours thought it "very strange";
Neighbours asked each other sickly,
"What, now, could have brought this change—
Brought it, too, so beastly quickly?"
And they never, never knew
How it was their friend was smitten—
Which, of course, they could not do,
Dying ere these lines were written!





POLPERRO-NO. 1

BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN



"Drop it, Bill, an' see if it'll bounce!"



LOCAL INTELLIGENCE

"Boy! what have you there?"

"Leg o' mutton, sir."

"Leg of mutton! Who for?"

"Mr. Jones, sir."

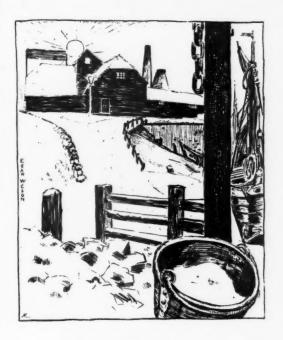
"Mr. Jones! But, bless my soul, Mr. Jones had a leg o' mutton the day before yesterday!"



"Penn'orth of jam, please-the sort you give most of."



"Gott in Himmel! I 'ave lost der Limburger!"



## OLD GOUGH

HE men in the Wheel Factory had long been growing more and more discontented. Perhaps this was largely the fault of the foreman. He was old; he had been on the works since he was a boy; he had been apprenticed under the old partners, and any morning he was likely to be found dead over the desk in his little glass cabin in the corner of the shop. He managed badly; he had his favourites; the work was not well distri-

buted; younger foremen contrived to shift their poor hands upon him and to filch his better men. Three at least of his forty odd men might well have been "sacked"; but so well did those three or four marked ones know how to turn his weakness to their advantage, that they managed to hang on in spite of him.

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At one time the Wheel Factory had been what they called on the works, "a quiet crib"—a day-work shop, where, in consequence, rates were a trifle higher, and where the work was supposed to be of a better order than elsewhere. At piece-work, a man might earn half again the amount of his rating, while at day-work he could only draw his rated wages.

Now, it was neither one thing nor the other. The mechanics had dwindled to about five-andtwenty, and all sorts of rag-tag had drifted there. There were half a dozen copying-lathes, for example, and a couple of circular saws. The foreman had never been able to get even one hand-saw into his shop, and thus a whole section of well-paid and comparatively skilled work was monopolised "down at the mills." Then he had two lads on his hands. These were rated as Apprentices! apprentices. They had been "let in" without premiums, their fathers being old employés of the firm. All they did was to cut wedges and turn pegs-a poor hour's work a day-loafing about for the rest, laying hands on this and that, to curry favour with "the men.".

Everything was in a thoroughly unsatisfactory state. The Wheel Factory was no longer as it had once been, a thoroughfare. Scarcely ever did any one pass through it; it was as dusty as a mill, and strangely well described by the pet name it bore, The Cemetery.

The mechanics were disgusted with it all: with their work, their foreman, their colleagues. The machine hands and labourers threw in their fate with these, their betters, in a common grumble and vague murmuring for higher rates. The demands were indeed vague; they scarcely knew whether they wanted more work, a higher rate, or each to try his fortune elsewhere. But about the disaffection there could be no mistaking: it was strong and general.

Save for one exception. Old Gough never grumbled. He was never seen whispering to the foreman until that dodderer turned away in confusion, red up to the roots of his hair; he got on with his job while others did this. For years his shop-mates had left him to himself; they did not much care for him: he was too indifferent. Anyone who would banter seldom got much change from him. But when discontent seemed to be coming to a head, a sudden desire arose in the shop to convert Old Gough to the general idea. One or another would come sidling up to him, to open a conversation; it was long before he would look up, and again long before he would put down the tool he was



using. Then it would be, with chuckling derision,—

"Go out? What are you talking about? In

most places you wouldn't have much choice, from what I've seen of you." Or, addressed more to the individual, "Then why don't you go? You're young. Anyone would offer you three pounds a week before you got down the street. Go, if you're not satisfied; they'll respect you for it. You're young. It's different for an old man like me."

Then he would chuckle and resume his work. Old Gough had probably put his tools on his back oftener than most men of his trade. He had been over a good deal of the world. He sometimes spoke, in a tone of jesting brag peculiar to him, of going back to Shanghai. But though he "took it" from no one, he knew when he was well off far better than did most of the high-talking wheelers he worked with.

It is no light thing for an old man to look for a job, though Gough was a first-rate workman, and not a day more than fifty. Still, he had young children, his home was comfortable, and he meant more than he would have admitted when he said it was different for an old man.

Saturday noon came, the Wheel Factory knocked off, and the men went to get their wages of the week preceding. No one had even a passable bill, and the following Saturday the week they had just finished would be poorer still. Old Gough was supposed to have the best bill; but, following his custom, he kept the

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amount his own secret. The grumbles took clearer shape as the men left the works.

"Don't get downhearted," the foreman said to them with hollow cheeriness; "it'll be better next week." He had known of the discontent all along, but fear of the rap on the knuckles he would get in doing so prevented him from naming the ringleaders to his manager. The weak will always risk the greater to avoid the lesser evil.

Monday morning, first quarter, there was more talk than work in the Wheel Factory. Some had held council together meantime. Those who were not sore from the discontent of their wives at a short allowance were greedy to have the handling of a week's wages (though a poor one) on a Monday morning. Two of the men came up to Old Gough.

"Bob," said one, "we're going out after breakfast."

- " All?"
- "Yes,"
- "What for?"
- " A better rate."
- " How much?"
- "A ha'penny an hour."
- "You won't get it."
- " No, but we'll get better work, and more of it."

After a good deal of parleying Old Gough agreed to join, on their solemn assurances of



"meaning it." So, after breakfast, they all put on their coats, Old Gough, eyed curiously by the rest, last of all, and they stood in a group as a demonstration before the distracted foreman, who at last made up his mind to send one of the lads down to the office. At this moment the father of the other apprentice came round, and, finding his son with his coat on, soundly cuffed his ears. Then the strikers moved out into the yard in a body, where they stood sheepishly, looked on by men from other shops from a distance, and from round every corner in sight.

Presently the young partner came down to the yard with quick steps, throwing away the

end of his cigarette as he approached.

"Well, men," he began hurriedly and very business-like, "what's this I hear? You don't think the firm's got work and won't give it you? You all know as well as the partners how slack things are, or you ought to. Some of you have been here twelve or fifteen years; go or stay as you like, but if you'll take good advice, I say: Think of your families, and get back to work sharp. The firm won't be hard; they know there's not much doing. It's the same everywhere. If you go out, I don't suppose you'll get a job this side of Botchester. For your own sakes, go back to your work."

No one answered, until Old Gough said: "You haven't heard what we want, sir; we've come out for a better rate."



"Take my advice, men," said the young man; and, turning to Old Gough, "As I tell you, go or stay; but I don't suppose you'll get a job this side of Botchester."

"Then perhaps," answered Old Gough, "I'll get a job on the other side."

The men looked at one another a moment, but seeing only each himself reflected in the others' faces, they turned tail, and filed into the shop. Only Old Gough held his ground. Wiping his face with his pocket-handkerchief broke the spell of his disgust, and he made a step in the opposite direction.

"Foreman," said the young partner coldly, "give this man a pass out for his tools. If you come down to the office with me, Gough, I'll give you your bill."

JOHN GRAY.





## AT THE AQUARIUM

HAD just thirty-five minutes to wait for the train; and as it seemed to me that it would be a little monotonous to spend the time walking up and down the dreary

platform, I laid my case before the station-master.

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I said: "Are there any amusements in the town at the present moment of sufficient robustness to kill off half an hour easily?"

He said: "Well, now, let me see. There's a Meeting of Ratepayers, a Wild Beast Show, and—oh, yes, there's the Aquarium, so there is."

The Aquarium! Just the cool and refreshing spot for a sultry day. I thanked the station-master, and proceeded in search of it. It was just outside the station.

The entrance-hall sounded its hollow and impressive welcome as I pushed through the turnstile, which seemed to register fifty by the noise it made, and then commenced my hasty experiences and reflections.

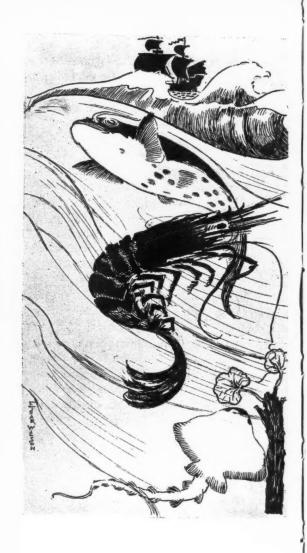
To the high-spirited and robust, a visit to an Aquarium may appear but tame and dull; but there is really plenty of fun, if you will patiently wait for it. Enjoyment of the quiet, sly order, which suits certain temperaments. Fish seem to be able to introduce young persons quite as well as a Master of Ceremonies.

It is to be regretted that so much deception exists during a visit to an Aquarium. Often there is no charge for admission—a fact which recommends it to thousands, and allows parents to delude their children into the belief that they're getting a great treat at their father's expense—first deception. Young ladies and

gentlemen say they go to see the fish, and will stand for ten minutes talking about flukes, and thinking of each other—second deception. Old gentlemen go with flowers in their coats as a compliment to the fish—third deception. Old ladies don't go—no deception.

It is a triumph of perversion to say you like to see the seals and sea-lions—you don't. You'd pay to avoid the nasty things. A seal may be interesting to a lady, as one of the few beings able to provide her with a seal-skin jacket; for no woman "dies happy" unless she gets one. A sea-lion has a good voice, but you tire of it after a while; it reminds you of chapel concerts. The few moments I stood by the well, I noticed a gentleman who had taken his son to see the lions, no doubt to encourage his ambition. The boy was wishing to be the man who fed them!

The most interesting objects were in and about the glass cases; these cases would have proved quite as attractive if they hadn't contained anything. Their chief use seemed to be for young ladies to stand at one side of them, and young gentlemen to stand opposite the young ladies, gazing at each other furtively through the glass, and pretending to look at a slumbering baby crocodile. Ladies are very clever with this sort of camera-obscura glance; their eyes become hazy, they can see everything without appearing to notice any



particular object, and man is to them a particular object.

Now I am a modest man; indeed, I have been sometimes mistaken for an Irish Member. I am rather afraid of ladies, and am not prepared to dispute their superiority. I've heard a woman cannot navigate a ship; but I believe she navigates the captain with fair success. When I bashfully retired to the back of some ladies, I could not escape them. We saw our portraits mirrored in the tanks, where loathsome things seemed to be swimming about in diluted absinthe. It was a sort of social peep-show.

In front of one of these cases, containing cuttle-fish and other out-of-employment freaks of the sea, I noticed an English working man, his Irish wife, and their British baby. The infant's nose was put to the glass, and its mother said, "See, baby, pitty octupus," and the child said, "Puss, puss, puss!" and the parents were delighted, and gave the child a drink of milk out of a ginger-beer bottle.

There were several cases destitute of fish. One was filled by a model of London before the Plague; another, Birmingham under the Romans. I believe the Romans are now under Birmingham. But that is only my impression.

One very interesting exhibit in an Aquarium should not be missed; it does one as much good as a Channel passage. I mean the frogs, —great yellow specimens, seated like the Sultan

of Morocco. I fed the attendant with sixpence, and he fed the frogs with worms; it was a beautiful study. I made a remark about the Diet of Worms; but he didn't understand me, and seemed to think I was ridiculing his efforts. I let it pass. It isn't safe to quarrel with an attendant at an Aquarium: you don't know what he might set at you. The frogs are extravagant beings: they eat their own clothes before getting them dyed or cut down for their young. My instructor tickled them under their arms, and they snapped at him as if they would eat him up; and, judging from the size of their mouths, I think they were quite capable of doing it.

In another case I noticed a juvenile fluke, holding on to the glass. The expression of its face reminded me of a dear old friend; and he can hold on to a glass, too.

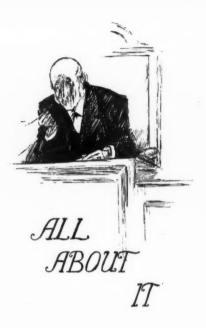
The anemones, the flowers of the sea, the bouquet of the mermaids, were charming. They were the things that nearly caused me to miss my train; for I barely had time to rush to the station, and be pushed in a wrong compartment, to continue my journey with a nervous feeling that I might have some of the wobbling things from the Aquarium in my inner pockets. I advise you to go to an Aquarium once. One visit will probably satisfy you.

JOHN S. MOORE.



VIRGINIE

BY OSCAR ECKRARBT



OH, yuss, yer wuship, I'll explain. You see, it's like this 'ere— Yuss, I'll stick to the fac's all right, yer wuship, don't you fear! You see, yer wuship, me an' Jim—who's Jim?—what, ain't you 'eard? Oh, Jim's a daisy, Jimmy is, you take it on my word.

It's just about three months ago since Jim he come to me An' ses, "Lets me an' you walk out together, Sal," ses 'e. I wasn't gone on Jim, you know, to any great extent; But 'e kep' 'anging round the place, an' so at last I went.

'Tain't no use bringing up again the things we talked about, Yer wuship's done a little bit that way yerself, no doubt. But larst Bank 'ollerday 'e up an' arsts me out with him, An' puts the question as to whether I'll be Mrs. Jim.



"But 'e kep' 'anging round the place."

I se

Jim Ho

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"Of course," I ses to 'im, I ses, "if you thinks you can stick To me, an' do the square, why then it's Yuss in arf a tick." An' Jim 'e swore 'e'd stick like glue, an' never go away, An'—well, yer wuship, we did 'ave a high ole time that day!

Oh, I'll stick close to fac's, yer wuship, don't you be afraid! I'm just the kind o' gal, I am, what calls a spade a spade. I ain't esplained 'ow I come 'ere? I know I ain't—that's true; But, don't yer see, that's just the part as I'm a-comin' to.

Jim come round every night for weeks to have a bit o' sup Along o' me an' mother. Then one night no Jim turned up; Nor yet the next night, nor the next, there warn't no trace of him; So off I started on the track of Mister Bloomin' Jim.

I goes to see his mother, an' I ses, "Is Jim all right? I thought as he was comin' round to take me out to night." "Ho, James is very well," she ses, a-puttin' on the toff; "Hi thort you unnerstood as your affair with 'im was hoff!"

"Ah, gar'n away," I ses; "look 'ere, don't you come 'Jamesin' me.

If Jimmy's got the 'ump, 'e'd best come round and say so—see?"

Them words of her'n, they fairly got my monkey up, no kid;

An' so I let the ole gal 'ave it pretty straight, I did.

I ain't the kind o' gal, yer wuship, what'll sit an' cry; I wasn't goin' to take the chuck without me knowin' why. Jim wasn't anything to lose,—but that's just it, yer see— I ain't a-goin' to have no Jims a-playin' larks on me!

I waited just outside till 'im an' t'other gal come by—
Oh, yuss, she was a lydy, you could see it in 'er eye!
She'd got a 'eap o' yaller 'air tied up with bows an' that;
An' oh! she fairly knocked 'em with the feather in 'er 'at!

Jim stepped along a bit when he see me come up behind, So I shouts out, "Hi! Jimmy! we'll square up, if you don't mind!' An' then I let 'em 'ave it strong, yer wuship, you'll be bound. An' pretty soon we 'ad a fair ole crowd a-standin' round. I ses to Jim, "Don't let me see yer ugly face no more! An' as for 'er, I've 'arf a mind to wipe 'er in the jore!" Jim got a bit upset at that, yer wuship, an' 'e said, How if I didn't shut it, 'e should take an' slap my 'ead.



'im slap my 'ead! yuss, Jim!—Well, there, it doesn't matter now. I see at once, yer wuship, there was goin' to be a row. A bloke behind the crowd shouts out, "Walk into 'im, ole gal!" An' some one else yells out, "Hooray! hi back a quid on Sal!"



IV

Y A C

"I meant to 'ave that feather,"

I ups to 'er an' ses, "An' that's for sneakin' my young chap!"
Asayin' which I ketched 'er one across the tater-trap;
An' she puts up 'er dukes an' lands me one upon the nob,
An' then I waded in, an' we was fairly on the job.

She was a rippin' fighter, though, a regular knock-out!
No pullin' 'air, nor scratchin' yer, nor messin' yer about;
Jim done 'is best to part us, but I'd got my back up then,
I wasn't goin' to miss that scrap not for a dozen men!

Then some one shouted "Copper!" but I didn't care for that, I meant to 'ave that feather off the yaller-'aired gal's 'at; I grabbed the 'at jus' by the brim—and then she give a yell, For as the 'at come off, the yaller 'air come off as well!

It would ha' warmed yer wuship's 'eart to 'ear them fellows shout : Them lovely yaller curls that Jim was blusterin' about. An' when I see 'er lookin' dazed, an' feelin' for 'er 'air, I larfed until I thought I should ha' busted then and there!

The gal an' Jim they 'ad the tip, and so they got off free; I couldn't run for larfin', so the coppers soon 'ad me.

Well, what's the damage, guv'nor—eh? what, goin' to let me off?

Discharge me with a caution! well, now straight, you are a toff!

You'll 'scuse me comin' into Court afore I curled my 'air, An', course, yer wuship, these 'ere togs ain't quite the sort I wear On Sunday arternoons—all right, ole chap, I'll 'old my jore: Give my respecks to Mrs. Wuship, won't yer?—Au revore!

ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.



"The 'ounds of justice are upon me track, but I will not be taken. Liste We must change clothes!"



POLPERRO-NO. 2

BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN



A REHEARSAL



#### LINES BY A GREAT-GRANDFATHER

SIGNORINA Cocoatina,
Waste thou not those glances sly:
Turn thine eyes on some one keener
To enjoy their light than I!
Some there be who deem thee sightly,
And, believing thee a gem,
Actually see thee nightly—
Save your smiles and things for them.

Once I used to love thee dearly (As my circumstances show!)-That, howe'er, was very nearly Eight-and-sixty years ago. True, I joined the throng of gapers Then, when thou wert in thy prime. (Here are sketches from the papers-Illustrative of the time.)



Once I thirsted, Signorina, For thy smiles with passion's thirst.

Then thou wert a trifle leaner
Than thou art in sketch the first.
Not that thou wert slender ever—
Ballet girls are never that.
Now thou art, though very clever,
Too ridiculously fat;

Too absurdly stout and stumpy—
Not too stumpy for your age,
But a thousand times too lumpy
For a dancer on the stage.
Yes, I loved thee, Signorina,
That, I will confess, is true.
I was younger then, and greener—
Soon I'll be as old as you!

L. G.-T.





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### AN INDIGNATION MEETING

AM a quiet, well-disposed person residing in a London suburb, at an address we will call, for the purposes of the argument, No. 2, North Road. I am engaged at my office in the City all day long, and when I go home at night I ask for nothing more than to be left in peace with my family and friends.

Last night, just as I was preparing to retire, the peace of home was entirely upset by a most

unjustifiable intrusion. There was a furious knocking at the street door. The servant having gone to bed, I went out and answered the knock myself. As soon as the door was open, a large, muscular old gentleman bounced into the hall, and looked wildly around him. For the moment I was, of course, behind the open door; and as I am, besides, only a small and unobtrusive person, it was some seconds before the strange gentleman caught sight of me. As soon as he did so, however, he strode towards me with the remark, "Oh, there you are!"

I admitted, somewhat nervously, that such was the case.

"Well, look here," said the stranger, evidently out of temper, "what fool of a man do you think you've sent down to my place, making us the laughing-stock of the neighbourhood, and our poor servant as likely as not catching her death of cold up there at this time of night without—"

" I beg your pardon," I said, interrupting him with a smile of surprise, "but——"

"Eh?" he said, looking round him; "this is No. 2, North Road, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said; "this is No. 2, North Road, but---"

"Well, then, what do you mean by sending a man down to my place that doesn't know his business? I asked for a competent, industrious

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plumber. And what do you do? You send me an idiot who ought to be under lock and key. He came down to repair our cistern. The cistern is up in the loft, and you can't get to it without a long ladder. He went up and had a look at it, and then we sent our girl up there, so that she might know how to clean it. The next minute your man came down, and said he would have to go home for some tools. He took the ladder with him, and we haven't set eyes on him since."

"Well," I said, as soon as I could make myself heard, "all this is no doubt very interesting; but I really don't see how I can help you in the matter."

"No, I s'pose not. That's you plumbers all over," the strange gentleman broke in, with a wild attempt at a laugh. "My wife said I should find you at No. 2, North Road; and now I want to know what's become of this fellow We couldn't make out what had happened to the girl at first, and it wasn't till there was a bit of a crowd collecting round the house that we had a suspicion of what was up. It seems that, finding the ladder gone, she thought she'd climb out on the roof and call for help. When she got out there, she was afraid to go back; and now we're waiting for your man to come with the ladder and get her down. If he don't come soon, you'll have to come yourself. It's no good fooling about the matter."

"But, my dear sir," I said, "this has really nothing to do with me. I am——"

"Oh, don't you worry about that, my boy," interrupted the strange gentleman with forced jocularity; "I know the law. And in a case like this the employer is liable for the acts of his servant. Are you coming, or aren't you?"

"Really," I said, "you are labouring under a delusion; you are indeed. I don't know anything about it."

"Eh?" said the stranger thoughtfully; "but this is No. 2, North Road, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes," I said, a little impatiently; "this is No. 2, North Road, right enough; but——"

"Then, demmit all, why don't you come and take my girl off the roof?"

"Well," I said, with a meek attempt at sarcasm, "to tell you the truth, I'm not a good hand at taking girls off roofs. Besides, this is no affair of mine. I'm not a plumber."

"No!" he shouted. "That I'll take my oath you're not! Nor your man either! I don't believe the two of you together could plumb worth threepence anyhow. What I want to know is—who's going to find your journeyman jackass with the ladder? There's that poor girl of mine out on the tiles at this time o' night, holding on to her back hair with one hand and a chimney-pot with the other, as scared as anything. She's been there for hours, and there's a crowd out in the street big enough for a Lord

Mayor's show. Somebody just now started the idea that she was going to do a tight-rope dance from one house to the other; and the crowd kept cheering her, and calling to her to begin. Then another one said it was burglars; and just as I started to come here I heard a man say he was going home to get his gun and pick her off the roof——"

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"My dear sir," I said, "will you listen to me? You've evidently come to the——"

"But this is right. It's No. 2, North Road, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes," I said; "this is No. 2, North-"

"Then I tell you what it is, my little man. If you don't get a ladder and come with me, I take you round by the scruff o' your neck. I am not a man to be trifled with, I tell you!"

"Don't you see," I said, somewhat apprehensive that he might grow desperate before I could convince him of his error, "don't you see that you've come to the wrong house? This is No. 2, North Road——"

"Well, that's the address my wife gave me on this piece of paper. She's never wrong. She told me you'd be sure and want to argue about it. Here it is in black and white: No. 2, North—— Oh, the dickens!"

"Perhaps it's North Street," I said, as a thought struck me. "About two miles from——"

"It is North Street! Hang it all, man, why didn't you say so before? What d'you want

to keep me here wasting my time for, when you knew I was on the wrong tack? Pity you haven't got something better to do than try and mislead a fellow-creature in distress. I shouldn't be surprised, if the truth was known, but what you're in league with the plumber's man. I'll show you up in the papers, that's what I'll do. I'll—"

By this time the strange gentleman was outside again, and I shut the door and bolted up for the night. And when I got upstairs, my wife said she wished I wouldn't stand talking politics with the neighbours at the street door. It wasn't respectable.

A. G.





"IT WON'T BE A STYLISH MARRIAGE."



T cost three-and-sixpence, new, "with full instructions"; and some people would say it was cheap at the money. Perhaps I would have said the same myself, had it been any other girl than Fanny. But it was Fanny. and no other.

"And, oh! the difference to me."

You see, I never meant to propose to her. Indeed, I didn't mean even to write to her that night when I sat down to try my new self-inking pen. It was called—but no! The man has ruined my life for the miserable part of the three-and-sixpence that came to him as his share: to divulge the maker's name is a vengeance

altogether inadequate to the wrong. Let him enjoy his wretched anonymity!

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Remember, I don't say she wasn't pretty. Indeed, at this moment, after living three years with me—well, I didn't mean to put it that way, but it's true all the same—my wife is still pretty.

Still, when I took up that pen—let's call it the Jackal—and read over all the instructions, and fixed the screw, and leaned back in my chair, and wondered whom I'd write to, Fanny was the last person in the world I would have thought of selecting.

I do not deny that at that time I used to think about her a good deal: but thinking is a very different thing from writing. I did not need to be a rising solicitor to know that. You see, I had seen her at the Bachelors' Ball on Tuesday (the fatal letter was written on Thursday), and was to see her again at the Westons', on Friday; so what excuse could I have for writing—even if I had wanted to? And you cannot but perceive I am prepared to deny that I did want to.

Yet, no sooner had I written the words:—
12, Wilton Terrace,

Wareington, 14th December, 1890, and leant back to wonder, than the Jackal let fall a drop of ink on Mrs. Tavistock's carpet. There was evidently no time to be lost. The Jackal had made up its mind that a letter was

to be written, and at once. There was no time to consider to whom.

I have already admitted that I was thinking a good deal about Fanny at the time (you remember I had danced with her two nights ago, and was to dance with her again next night); and unfortunately I had thought of her as Fanny, not as Miss Renshaw. I haven't time to point the moral of this just now, but the wise unmarried male reader will see it to be to his advantage to draw it for himself. The important fact is that in my haste to anticipate the second drop of ink that gathered threateningly on the Jackal's snout, I dashed down the fatal words:—

My dear Fanny,-

Now, she wasn't "my" Fanny a bit. I was only one of at least half a dozen. I had never in my life ventured to call her Fanny, but I admit I had often thought of her in my heart by that name. She was not even "dear"—at that time; for a few pairs of gloves judiciously wagered away, and a few tickets for the play, are neither here nor there.

The fatal fact remains that those three words stared me in the face. As I shrank back, amazed at my own rashness, and more than half inclined to tear up the paper, my eye fell upon the point of the Jackal. Another big clot of ink was gathering ready to drop on the clean white sheet. Not a moment was to be lost; I

dashed into the letter. Of course I had no time to consider what I should say, but those fatal three words at the top formed a sort of keynote—throughout the letter I had to live up to them.

I began by referring to the Ball on Tuesday, saying how much I had enjoyed it. My legal training urged me to adduce reasons and show cause, so I explained that her presence was the source of my joy. From the general to the particular is a recognised principle in pleading, so I found myself, without the slightest intention of doing it, passing from Fanny's presence to her eyes—I don't mind admitting that she has really fine eyes.

I had worked myself up into quite a passion, when there came a lucid moment, and I lay back in my chair to reflect on what I was doing. The full horror of my situation dawned upon me, and I was about to flee from temptation, when that wily pen again got the better of me. During the pause the ink had been gathering at the point, and now my agitation shook off the trembling drop. As I gazed at the startling blot, there arose in my mind vague memories of having read somewhere of the technical meaning of blots in love-letters. From that time all was That lucid moment had been my ruin. Every blot meant a kiss, and that miserable Jackal would have satisfied the most exacting lover.

I have no very clear idea how the letter ended.

Let me write as quickly as I pleased, I was unable to get ahead of those blots that the Jackal kept dropping on my paper; and every blot had to have its fond explanatory note. The pen had evidently warmed up to its work, or perhaps it was only the screw that had got loose. At any rate, the end of the letter was a wild race against time and blots—and the pen won.

My next lucid moment was outside a red pillar-box. That is, I was outside, but the Jackal's work was inside. At length the awfulness of the letter I had written became clear to me. It was a gross insult to any lady. Fortunately her father was old, and her brother was a little chap, so that I needn't fear the horse-whipping I so richly deserved; and my letter was altogether too terrible for her to show to any of the other half-dozen strings to her bow.

My mind was racked by the rival claims of the two pleas I might submit—drink, and temporary insanity. Both were bad. Drink is utterly vulgar; temporary insanity is an awkward admission for a lawyer. People have no difficulty in believing the insanity; it's the "temporary" that they find it hard to credit. Strange that I did not even suspect the real danger of my deed!

Her reply was prompt. As I sat with her letter in my hand (when I ought to have been dressing to go to the Westons'), I prepared myself for the scathing things I was sure it contained.

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It contained nothing of the kind. I was her dear Mr. Kuppord, it seemed. She was inexpressibly surprised, almost shocked (here I prepared to receive my deserts—but no; she went on) at the vehemence of my passion, which had driven me into such wild, not to say incoherent statements. She had had no idea,—and so on. It was only slowly, very slowly, that the true meaning of her letter dawned upon me. In plain English her daintily turned phrases told me that she was so much afraid that a refusal would turn my brain, that she reluctantly sacrificed herself from philanthropic motives. In still plainer English, she "didn't mind if she did."

I can hardly expect any one to believe that my first feeling was one of relief to be free from that expected scolding, and that my next was one of exaltation. I thought of the other half-dozen, and positively felt proud of myself. By-and-by—well, by-and-by I became very anxious to warn people against self-inking pens: the cheaper kind, I mean, for I am told that the dearer ones have more self-control.

Would you believe it? The only effect of my warning has been to increase the sale of the Jackal pen. The girls in our set have discovered that it makes a first-rate birthday or Christmas present for their eligible male friends. It is to warn those friends that this is written; and if (as philanthropic writers are fond of saying) it saves one honest eligible from making an ass of himself, it has not been written in vain.

SKELTON KUPPORD.





### THE CHANGE OF AYRE

(A Verie Olde Storie)

Thysse is a maiden fayre

Taking the mornynge ayre.

When from home she's awaye,

Atte thysse time of the daye

You'll fynde her alone, you maye

sweare!

Here is the maiden fayre,

Same as the one uppe there;

Only thysse is the waye,

We are sorrie to saye,

She engorges the evenynge

ayre!





may

"I've just been reading that delightful book 'Notre Dame.' Have you read it?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Oh, I read the English version, 'Old St. Paul's,' you know!"

#### DASH BLANK

In this evil age
It is quite the thing,
When you writhe with rage
Or with spleen, to fling
Horrid oaths around:
And the modern Press
Feels in duty bound

(With much faithfulness)
In a vivid way
To describe your ire.
So the comps. portray
All the cuss-words dire,—
Which in wrath so rash
From your mouth you yank,—
With a ——, ——, !
And a ( ), ( ), ( )!





Thus we read of Jones,
That his shouts of ire
(When in calmest tones
Says his brusque old sire,

"Not a cent of cash
In your hands I'll plank!")
Are a —, —, —!
And a ( ), ( ), ( )!

Or we read how Smith
At his window stands
Like a monolith,
And, with vengeful hands,
Half his Lares throws
At the nightly cats
That are death to those
Who reside in flats;
How his teeth he'll gnash,
And, in rage so rank,
Howl a —, —, —!
And a ( ), ( ), ( )!

Or we read that Brown, Being bold and brave, Yestermorn dived down In the Thames, to save A poor flower-girl's life (She had sought release From terrestrial strife In its depths of-grease). And we further read That, when gallant B. Had the flower-girl freed From destruction, she (While her eyes did flash) Did her saviour thank With a —, —, —! And a ( ), ( ), ( )! W. E.

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Brown (nasty thing! what did he expect?), who has just received the bill from a well-known firm for the son and heir's somewhat extensive wardrobe: "My dear! don't you think it would have been more appropriate if we had had it christened 'Peter Robinson'?"



To

(Reduced facsimile of title-page)

THE READER.

With this number the first Volume of THE BUTTERFLY is completed. The Proprietors have much pleasure in announcing that a limited number of bound volumes, price Six Shillings, will be ready on the 20th instant.

The Volumes will be elegantly bound in cloth, with decoration in old gold by Mr. Edgar Wilson, who has also designed the Title-page.

On receipt of Two Shillings & Sixpence, the Cover and Title-page will be forwarded to any address, post free, from the Publisher, or may be ordered through any bookseller.

With the first number of the new Volume we have decided on a slight change, which we have reason to believe will meet with general appreciation. While in no way diminishing the present number of illustrations, we shall materially increase the reading matter. No. 7 will also contain the first instalment of a serial story, entitled "The Dead Queen."

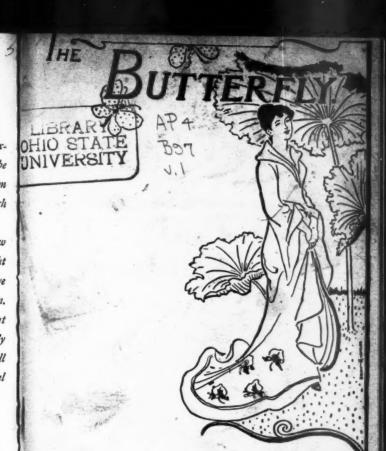
Bouverie House, E.C. October, 1893.



BA. Par.

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